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JUNE 24, 1921.

7 Cents

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

THE BOY GOLD KING OR THE GREATEST MINE IN THE WORLD

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



As the two boys reached the entrance to the mine, Phil, who had been watching the trouble at the neighboring mine, sprang out with three rifles in his hands. "Take these and defend yourselves," he said. "I will stand by you."

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1921.

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THE BOY GOLD KING

OR, THE GREATEST MINE IN THE WORLD

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Stranger at Red Gulch.

"Wake up, young fellow, and get me something to eat."

The words, accompanied by a rough shake on the boys' shoulder, were addressed to Phil Grant, who sat in a tilted chair, half asleep, at the door of the only "hotel" and restaurant Red Gulch, a Western mining camp, boasted of. Above his head was a roughly painted piece of wood, projecting outward, which announced that meals were to be had there at all hours, with accommodations for man and beast. The accommodations for a man consisted of a few box-like rooms on the second floor of the shack, reached by a ladder standing in one corner of the restaurant and bar, and furnished with a cot, a wash-stand, a looking-glass, and a shelf supplied with a comb and brush, both attached to the wall by thin brass chains.

The accommodations for a beast was a restricted section of the chaparral behind the shack. The hotel and restaurant was owned and run by an Irishman named Michael Feeney, who had not long since emigrated from Ireland to escape arrest at the hands of officers of the British government because of his political associations. Mike, having been accustomed to the unrestricted freedom of the mountains on the western boundary of County Clare, did not fancy city life in America when he got on this side of the water, and so he made his way out into the wild and woolly West and finally came to anchor in Red Gulch.

He first took possession of an abandoned claim and devoted a part of his energies to surface washings, but hard work didn't agree with him, particularly as there was nothing in it. Then he took to tending bar nights at a newly established gambling-house, and on his way home in the early hours of one dark, rainy morning he fell into a prospect hole and nearly finished his career. When he crawled out and got to his room he found a big clod of earth sticking to his shoe. That clod developed a nugget of pure gold, worth considerable. Mike tried in vain to find that prospect hole again, but there were so many abandoned holes in the neighborhood that he met with no success.

He sold the nugget to a gambler and with the proceeds bought the restaurant and hotel. It was about that time that Phil Grant, a boy without prospects, landed in Red Gulch, flat broke. He came from 'Frisco, and was on his way East. Mike took pity on him, gave him his supper and a night's lodging, supplemented the favor with

breakfast, and then proposed that the boy stay a while and help him run the hotel. As Phil was in no rush to get East, he took up with the proposal and at the opening of our story had been one month in Red Gulch, with no immediate intentions of separating himself from his job or the rough locality.

When Mike went into business he enjoyed considerable custom of nights at his bar, and the table where meals were served was pretty well taken up by parties of miners, and an occasional cheap sport, who passed the evening at games of chance, chiefly poker. With the advent of Jake Stahl, a real gambler, who put up the concert hall, with its bar and gambling rooms, Mike lost all his custom; that is why Phil had nothing at all to do on the night the stranger stopped and, shaking him into wakefulness, called for a meal.

"All right, pard," said Phil, springing up, "take a seat here, and I'll cook you a mess of bacon and eggs, with coffee, in a jiffy. Want a drink, first?"

"Yes. Hand out the whisky bottle and I'll help myself," replied the stranger, walking with a springy step to the bar.

Phil produced a bottle and a glass and left the man to help himself after noting how much liquor was in the bottle. In a few minutes the stranger, who had only taken one drink, had gone outside to wait, heard the sizzling of the bacon and the pleasing odor thereof reached his hungry senses. The horse which had brought him to Red Gulch was walking around nibbling the grass. He was an uncommonly fine-looking animal, of great speed and endurance. Slung across his back was a pair of fat saddle-bags, which contained all of the newcomer's personal possessions, excepting money. It was a fine, balmy summer's night, with little wind stirring. As the stranger sat perched upon the tilted chair, with one spurred leg thrown carelessly across the other, the full moon rose above the pine-covered mountains of the canyon and threw him and the shack out into bold relief.

On the little finger of one hand gleamed a magnificent ruby ring. It glowed like a coal of fire, and seemed to shoot off tiny tongues of flame. In a crowd it would have excited general attention. The single straggling street of Red Gulch gleamed with the lights of oil lamps. Mike Feeney's place was at the upper end of this street, and separated somewhat by a fifty-foot lot, so that it stood aloof, as it were, by itself. Only one real mine had been developed in the diggings, and this was owned by a small capitalist named George Falk-

ner, from 'Frisco, who had bought several claims for a song, went about prospecting them in a business-like way, found sufficient surface indications to encourage him to bring some machinery on the spot at considerable risk and expense, and soon after began to get returns as he bored down into the depths.

He was now regarded as the magnate of Red Gulch, and he lived with a Chinese helper for a housekeeper in the best house in Red Gulch, erected on the edge of his property, and not far from the building that covered the mouth of the shaft. It took Phil about fifteen minutes to cook the meal, and then he called the stranger and pointing at the end of the table, which was laid with plates for the score of miners who would turn up at half-past six in the morning for their breakfast, told him to be seated. The man did so and for some minutes he ate in silence, while Phil stood by and sized him up, now that the stranger was fully revealed in the light of the reflector lamp which the boy had turned up.

"How long have you been in these diggings?" said the stranger presently.

"Little over a month."

"Do you prefer working for the owner of this joint to working a claim on your own hook?"

"I'd rather work a claim if there was anything in it, but there isn't, that is, as far as surface washings go. The only man making money out of the ground here is George Falkner."

"George Falkner, eh?" said the stranger, in a half-unconscious tone, and then he remained silent.

"He likes the place so well that I heard he's rented his home in 'Frisco and expects his daughter, Miss Madge, here in a few days, to keep house for him in place of the chink."

The stranger gave a violent start and dropped his knife on the floor. Phil picked it up, wiped it off and returned it to him.

"His daughter is coming here, you say?" said the man, in an altered voice.

"That's the report around the Gulch, pard. The diggings has gone wild over it. There's several nice women here, but they ain't just the handsomest in the world. Jake fetched them to do turns on his stage, serio-comic songs, dances and such, to draw custom. Now, you see, Miss Falkner is a lady, been educated at a convent in San Jose, and Mike says one of the men told him she can play the piano and sing like an angel. And she's only seventeen at that. Her father thinks she hasn't her equal in the world, and I agree that he has some reason to think so," said Phil, who was as eager as any person in the Gulch to catch a sight of the girl in question.

The stranger made no reply. He continued to eat, but in a mechanical way. Phil wondered why his reference to George Falkner and his daughter had such a peculiar effect on him. At last he spoke again.

"I suppose I can have a room here for the night, sonny?" he said.

"Sure," replied Phil. "Step up to the bar and sign the book."

"Sign it yourself for me. Put me down as—John Smith."

Phil knew that wasn't the man's real name, but that cut no ice in those regions. He wrote the

name "John Smith" down and after it Room 3. The stranger finished his meal, asked for a cigar and threw down a \$5 bill on the bar.

"Take everything out of that, including the room," he said.

Phil handed him back his change.

"Here's a Gold Hill paper. Perhaps you'd like to read it?" said the man, offering the paper to the boy.

"Much obliged, pard. I don't see a paper more'n twice a week," said Phil.

At that moment there came the sound of a galloping horse. Somebody was coming down the sinuous trail from the mountain road. Phil went to the door and looked out. A horseman came in sight through the trees. He was riding by when his eye lighted on the stranger's animal still eating grass in a leisurely way. He reined in short, sprang off and taking his animal by the bridle advanced. He was a villainous-looking Mexican, whose most distinctive feature was a sombrero.

Phil didn't fancy his looks for a cent. He was accustomed to meeting tough citizens, but this fellow was by long odds the worst he had ever encountered. The Mexican opened his mouth to address the boy when the tall stranger loomed up behind Phil in the moonlight and placed his finger on his mouth. Phil noticed the sudden change in the direction of the Mexican's glance. He turned around and saw the stranger leaning nonchalantly against the door, watching the smoke from his cigar curl heavenward. Then he looked back at the Mexican. That worthy's manner had changed to one of indifference, and he was rolling a cigarette between his fingers. For more reasons than one, Phil didn't like the look of things.

CHAPTER II.—The Ruby Ring.

"What do you want, pard?" Phil asked the newcomer. "If it's a meal——"

"Caramba, yes! You have something to eat ready, eh? I'm as hungry as——"

He shrugged his shoulders as if at a loss for words to cover his meaning.

"How would bacon, eggs and coffee do?" said Phil.

"Bueno. I want a drink. My throat is as dry as a chip."

Phil started for the bar. The Mexican watched him covertly as he stepped up to the stranger.

"I am here, capitan," he breathed.

"Take a room for the night. Mine is Number 3," whispered back the stranger. "I have something of importance to tell you."

The Mexican nodded and passed on to the bar. He turned out three fingers of whisky and drank it at a gulp.

"I want a room for the night. I will stop here," he said.

"Sign the book," said Phil, pushing it toward him and offering him a pen.

The Mexican glared at the boy.

"My name is—Sombrero. You put that down. It will answer."

Phil did so and marked the figure 4 opposite to it.

"Now get me something to eat—quick!"

The Mexican rolled another cigarette as he watched the boy disappear. Then he stepped to the door.

"You have something in the wind, captain?" he said with one eye on the kitchen door. "I did not expect to meet you here, but at Yellow Dog, where the band will round up. Whatever it shall be you have no time to lose. The sheriff is on the scent. He has a large posse. The robbery of the stagecoach has made a stir in Gold Hill, and the express company has offered \$1,000 reward."

"We are in no danger here, Garcia. I spoke to the sheriff this morning. He and his posse are riding for Poker Flat as hard as they can."

"You have a fine ring there, capitan. Where did you get it?"

"From a man I met about noon on the road. He did not seem worth losing time over and I was in a hurry. Unfortunately for him he stopped me and asked for a match. It was then I caught the glitter of the ring. I admired it and politely asked him to exchange it for the match."

"He refused, eh?" grinned the Mexican.

"In such decided terms that I was obliged to shoot at him. I took the ring from his finger. The ring is worth a cool thousand if it's worth a cent."

"I believe you, capitan. I have never seen its mate but once."

"When was that?" asked the stranger carelessly.

"Two years ago. It was the demon's ring. Por Dios! I would not wear it for all the gold in Nevada."

"No? Why not, Senor Garcia? I thought that jewelry was your weakness."

"One of Cortez's commanders tore the ring from his finger while he was being tortured for information about Montezuma's hidden treasure. The priest cursed the future wearers of the ring until it became the property of a foreigner born on Good Friday, and the letters of whose name should correspond in number with the symbols cut on the inside of the band, but not until eleven victims had suffered violent deaths through its fatal agency."

"Eleven, eh? Then were this the ring of which you speak I would be in little danger from its alleged fatal influence, for several hundred years has elapsed since the time of Cortez, and the ring must have passed through more than eleven hands."

"You are wrong, capitan. When I saw the ring the padre said that two victims yet remained to be sacrificed to the curse of the ring, but it would still be dangerous until the right person became its owner. Then it would be to that person as lucky as it formerly was unlucky."

"What would make it lucky?"

"The symbols cut on the inside of the ring."

The stranger slipped the ring from his finger and held it up in the bright moonlight.

"What think you of the figures cut in the band of this ring?"

The Mexican took one look.

"Madre de Dios! They are the same."

"You are sure of that, Senor Garcia?" he said, with a mocking smile.

"Si, capitan. The last man who wore that ring

died a violent death. You said you met him on the road and took the ring from his finger."

"And how many have you made away with in your time for a stake of far less value?"

"He was the tenth victim. Mark my words, capitan, you will be the eleventh if you do not get rid of it at once."

At that moment Phil re-entered the room with the plate of bacon and eggs.

"Your supper is ready, pard," he said to the Mexican.

The announcement recalled the sense of hunger to the greaser and he at once made a break for the table. Leaving him busy with the jaws, Phil walked outside, divested the two horses of their saddles and saddle-bags, put a noosed rope around the neck of each and led them into the pasture, where he turned them loose. When he came back he carried the saddle-bags up to Room 3 and placed them on the floor. When he got back to the room below he found Mike Feeney talking to the stranger, while the Mexican, having finished his meal, was rolling a cigarette.

CHAPTER III.—The Boys from the Coast.

Phil cleared away the dishes after the Mexican, washed them up, put a fresh lot of coal on the fire and banked it again for the night, and returned to the outer room. Going behind the bar he entered up the Mexican's account on a slate that hung in a certain spot. The stranger had gone to his room, but the Mexican was seated outside the door with the proprietor of the place. Phil pulled out the Gold Hill paper handed him by the wearer of the ruby. The boy had come to the conclusion that the stranger was a professional gambler, who traveled from place to place and helped the hard-working miner put his wages in circulation.

He wondered if the newcomer proposed to start a game in Red Gulch in opposition to Jake Stahl. Spreading the paper out on the bar Phil was soon deeply interested in the news from 'Frisco and elsewhere. Turning to the first page, a big scare-heading announced the robbery of the Red Bluff and Gold Hill stage-coach. Six passengers had been cleaned out of their valuables, and the Wells Fargo & Co.'s box, containing several thousand dollars in gold and other valuable property, had been taken. No doubt was entertained that the masked robbers were the members of the gang which had lately become a terror of that section of Nevada. One or two of the band were reported to be Mexicans. When Phil read that, his thoughts reverted to the rascally-looking greaser outside.

"He looks like a bandit all over," thought the boy, "but if he was a member of that gang it doesn't seem likely he would visit this camp alone. Still, it is quite possible that the rest of the bunch are hiding somewhere in the neighborhood and he was sent on ahead to spy out the lay of things. He was mighty careful not to give me his name, which I regard as suspicious. It's my opinion that he didn't intend to stop here at first. I wonder if the sight of the gambler caused him to change his mind and take a room? Perhaps

he intends to rob that individual during the night. I must call Mike's attention to the possibility of such a thing."

He was aroused by the galloping of two horses at a hot pace down the trail. He went over to the door and looked out. The Mexican and Mike Feeney were still talking together. Phil, however, noticed what he thought a curious thing—the greaser's right hand rested on the butt of his revolver as if he was in the act of drawing it. The horseman dashed in sight and reined up in front of the "hotel." Both dismounted and tied their animals to a convenient tree, after which they came forward. One wore a mustache and the other a full beard, and their faces were tanned the color of light mahogany.

"We'd like a drink," said the foremost, with a sharp look at the Mexican.

Mike jerked his thumb toward the door and the men walked in and up to the bar, preceded by Phil, who had heard their request. The boy didn't ask them what they'd have, but placed two glasses and the whisky bottle before them.

"Who is the greaser?" asked the taller of the two, in a low tone.

"I don't know," replied Phil.

"Then he don't belong 'round here?"

"No. He came about an hour ago, asked for supper and is going to stay all night."

"Any other stranger been along this way since yesterday evening?"

"Yes. A tall, good-looking man came here a short time before the Mexican, got his supper and took a room. I guess he's a gambler."

"Where did he go after eating?"

"Hung around a while and then disappeared. He may have gone to his room, but I think it's more likely he went down the street."

"Describe him to me."

Phil did so.

"Did you see this man talking with the Mexican?"

"I believe they exchanged a few words, but neither appears to know the other."

The men walked outside, passed Mike and the Mexican without a word, mounted their horses and rode down the street. Hardly had the sounds of their animals died away when there was more galloping down the trail.

"We're having a lot of visitors to the Gulch tonight," thought Phil. "Now I wonder who's coming this time?"

He went to the door again to look out. Out of the shadowy pines two riders appeared in view. They reined in when they came opposite the shack and Phil saw they were boys.

"Say," shouted one, "is this Red Gulch?"

"Beggorra it ain't anythin' else," returned Mike.

"Where can we put up for the night?"

"Right here."

The boys rode up to the door and then they saw the sign, "Hotel."

"What will you charge us two for beds and breakfast, and looking out for our horses?"

"Four bits apiece for beds, the same for breakfast, and two bits for tendin' your cayuses."

"All right. We've got the price."

"Where are yez bound, if I may be so bowld as to ax?" said Mike curiously.

"For the Falkner mining claim. It's hereabouts in Red Gulch."

"Right yez are. It's over yonder. Are yez from 'Frisco?"

"We are."

The boys alighted and Phil stepped out and took their horses. He led them away to the corral, took off their saddles and bags and, putting halters about their necks, turned them loose. The boys were talking to Mike when he got back. Phil went into the kitchen, started up the fire again and cooked the supper for the newcomers. When it was on the table he called them to it. He noticed that the Mexican had taken himself off somewhere. The boys took their seats and started to eat with a great appetite.

"You've come over from Gold Hill, I suppose?" said Phil, as he stood by.

"Yes. We borrowed the horses there. A man will be over after them in a day or two."

"You came over from Redding by stage?"

"Yes. We were in the coach that was held up by a gang of road-agents. I lost \$20 and Tom here lost \$12—all we had about us."

"What's your names?"

"Mine is Joe Harding. My friend is Tom Bradley. What's your name?"

"Phil Grant."

"How long have you been in this camp?"

"Something over a month."

"How is it—a lively place?"

"That depends on what you mean by the word."

"Much rough-house and shooting?"

"No. It's a very decent camp."

"Glad to hear it. We'd rather not run up against a gun, as we've heard some tenderfoots have to," laughed Joe.

"Things have grown a bit more lively since Jake Stahl started his gambling-house down the street."

"Is that where the music we hear comes from?"

"Yes."

"I guess we'll take a look in there before we go to bunk, eh, Tom?"

"I'm with you," said Tom.

The two new boys got up from the table.

"We'll be back before midnight," said Joe.

"Tell Mike and he'll wait for you. I'm going to bed as soon as I clean up."

"Mike—is he the man outside we were talking to?"

"Yes, he's the proprietor."

The newcomers walked off and Phil fixed the fire for the fourth time that evening.

CHAPTER IV.—Shot in the Dark.

Phil was tired after a long day's work and he soon fell asleep. The house remained quiet for about half an hour, and then the two boys from the slope returned and were shown to rooms 5 and 6 by Mike. That made a full house at Feeney's—the first time the thing had happened for some weeks. The Mexican, however, was not yet in his room, but Mike met him downstairs on his return, treated him to a whisky and showed him to Number 4.

This room was opposite Number 3, where the tall stranger was. Mike then locked up for the night and turned in. The Mexican rolled a cigarette, lighted the end of it and fell to puffing at it in the way characteristic of his race. When he finished it he took off his spurred boots, opened his door and listened. The building was silent. He opened the doors in turn of all the rooms but Number 3, and noted that the occupants were asleep.

"Bueno!" he muttered between his teeth.

Then he went to Number 3, opened the door and glided inside. The tall stranger was seated in the only chair by the open window, with his stocking-feet resting on the bed. He looked around when the Mexican came in.

"Speak low, Garcia," he said, "for such walls as these have ears, perhaps."

"You wanted me to find out something about Falkner—where he lived?"

"Yes."

"He lives in the best shack in the place, close to the main building on his claim. His only attendant is a Chinaman, who sleeps back of the kitchen."

"How far from the camp is the Falkner claim?"

"Half a mile."

"We will go there at once."

"So that is your little game, capitan?" grinned Garcia. "You wish to take him by surprise and rob him, eh?"

"Not at all. I wish to see him on business."

"On business at this hour! He went to bed two hours ago."

"Then we will wake him up, for my business cannot be delayed. Two members of the sheriff's posse called here to-night. Did you see them?"

"Si, capitan. They gave me a hard look as if they suspected me, but I was ready for them. I had my hand on my gun all the time they were around."

The stranger lit a match and looked at his watch, which he carried in his fob pocket.

"It is after one, Garcia. It is time we were on our way," he said.

"We do not return, I suppose?"

"No. After visiting Falkner we shall take to the mountains. Our horses are in the corral. Go and bring them around to the road. I will drop my bags out of this window. See that you make no noise in leaving the shack."

It was at that moment that Phil, in the next room, awoke, and as the last sentence came through the cracks in the partition as plainly as though uttered in the same room, he sat up and listened intently.

"There's something wrong," he thought.

"Do not fear, capitan. I'll be as silent as a shadow," followed the voice of the Mexican.

"What does this mean?" said the boy to himself. "What is the greaser doing in the gambler's room, and why should he call him capitan? I don't like the looks of this. The Mexican is going to leave the house. What for, at this hour of the night? There is some piece of rascality on the hooks, and I fancy the gambler is mixed up in it."

He got up, went to the wall and listened. The only sounds he heard were those of some one, presumably the stranger, moving softly around in

there. The sounds stopped and then he heard something drop outside. He glided to the window and looked out. The stranger's saddle-bags lay beneath.

"They are both going to light out. I must arouse Mike and tell him what's going on," he said.

He rushed to the door and slipped out. He ran full-tilt against some one in the dark. The other person uttered a smothered imprecation, grabbed him by the arm and the next moment Phil felt the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against his head.

"Make a sound and I'll blow your head off!" came the voice of the stranger.

Phil, however, on the spur of the moment, did the unexpected. And he did it without any thought or purpose on his part. It probably was an instinctive effort at self-preservation. He threw up his arm, grabbed the revolver and turned it sharply away from him. In doing so he bent the man's wrist around and caused him to press the trigger. There was a flash, a stunning report, a cry and the stranger staggered backward. Not knowing just what had happened, and fearing the next shot would be directed at himself, Phil sprang at the man, intending to get another grip on the weapon. Instead of that his hand grasped the stranger's. The next instant the man's falling weight pulled them both down and the ruby ring came off in Phil's fingers. At that juncture Mike appeared at his door with a lighted match in his hand, and the flickering flame revealed Phil standing over the still form of the late occupant of Room 3.

CHAPTER V.—Who the Stranger Was.

"For the love of hivin, what's up?" asked Mike.

"This man is shot," replied Phil.

"Shot, is it? And who shot him?"

"Better get a candle and see how badly he's hurt. He looks as if he was dead."

Phil told his story, relating what he had heard through the partition between his room and Number 3.

"It's mighty quare," said Mike. "Look in Number 4 and see if the greaser has cleared out."

"Of course he's gone. That shot would have brought him out otherwise," said Phil. "I'll go down and see if he's taken the horses."

He found the front door ajar, as he expected, and he opened it and looked out. There was no sign of the Mexican or the horses. Rushing around to the back of the shack, he saw that the stranger's saddle-bags had disappeared. He went to the corral and found there only the two horses that had been ridden by Joe and Tom. The Mexican had evidently decamped. He returned and reported the facts to Mike.

That individual had dragged the dead man into Number 3, closed the door and then gone through his clothes. He found about \$500 in gold and several thousand dollars in greenbacks, which in those days did not circulate to any extent in that region, for the far Western States transacted all

business on a gold basis, and greenbacks were only taken at a discount, which varied with the rise and fall of gold in Wall Street, New York City. At the time of which we write a greenback was worth about ten per cent. less than gold. Mike Feeney saw his opportunity. He appropriated all the paper money, and all but \$50 of the gold. When Phil appeared he had the dead man laid out on the bed.

"So the greaser is gone and taken both horses, has he?" said Mike. "Begorra, if ye hadn't said ye helped shoot this gent I'd be willin' to swear that the greaser had murdered him for his money."

"The Mexican was out of the building when the shot was fired," said Phil.

"Whin I report this matter to the justice of the peace in the mornin' I'll have to make an explanation, and so will yez."

After a while Mike and Phil retired to finish their sleep.

Phil and Mike were up as usual next morning about half-past five. The former had lots to do, for he had to get breakfast for nearly a dozen steady boarders who slept in small cabins of their own on their claims, but did not care or know how to prepare their own meals. The justice of the peace, who acted as coroner when there was occasion for his services in that capacity, appeared at the "hotel" and heard Phil's story. He also listened to what Mike had to say and what little Joe and Tom knew about the matter. He placed Phil under technical arrest until he held an inquest, then he went away, after looking at the corpse, to summon a jury.

Joe and Tom, after a talk with Phil, started for Mr. Falkner's mine to see the owner and present the letter Joe brought. Hardly had things quieted down at the shack when the two members of the sheriff's posse, who had called the night before, reappeared. They had heard about the shooting and wanted to see the dead man, as well as learn all the particulars connected with it. Mike and Phil related the facts.

"So the Mexican vanished at the time of the shooting?" said one of them.

"Yes," answered Phil.

"And begorra he carried off the gent's horse and saddle-bags," put in Mike.

"I suspect why they were anxious to get away on the quiet," said the sheriff's deputy.

"Why?" asked Mike.

"Show us the dead man and maybe we'll be able to tell you."

Mike was about to lead the deputies up the ladder when there came a rush of horsemen down the trail. The bunch drew up before the "hotel" and the leader, who proved to be the sheriff of the county, sprang off his animal and came forward. He recognized his two deputies and asked them what they had learned. The first deputy told him that they had reason to suspect that they had overtaken two important members of the robber band, one of whom they had let slip through their fingers.

"Indeed," said the sheriff, with a frown. "And the other?"

"I fancy he is the man who lies dead in this shack."

"Ha! You shot him, then?"

"No; this boy shot him in an acciedntal way last night."

"Explain, young man," said the sheriff, turning to Phil.

The boy told his story.

"So you took him for a traveling gambler, eh?"

"Yes. His appearance and manners gave me that idea."

"Well, from your description, young man, it's my opinion you helped to kill a very great rascal—the leader, in fact, of the gang whose latest outrage was the hold-up and robbery of the Redding and Gold Hill stage-coach, day before yesterday. I will look at him, and if I identify him as the man who put me on the false scent yesterday morning, no doubt it will remain in my mind about you having rendered the community a great service, and I think you will be entitled to at least a part of the reward offered by the citizens of Gold Hill, and also by Wells Fargo Co., for the capture, dead or alive, of the robbers or their leader," said the sheriff.

That official, accompanied by Mike, Phil and his two deputies, mounted the ladder to the second floor of the shack. There was only room for the sheriff and his deputies to enter.

"That's the man," said the sheriff. "He was the leader of that gang, and he has fooled me for many weeks back. He has posed as a gambler, under the name of Jack Cole, and I believed him to be one and in no way connected with the robber gang. He was always hanging around Gold Hill, and it is quite certain that his object was to pick up information that would benefit his bunch of ruffians. That his tactics were successful is proved by the fact that the robbers always made good hauls out of their hold-ups."

The sheriff told his men they had made a bad mistake in not arresting the Mexican on suspicion, for he was probably Garcia Mendoza, the chief's lieutenant.

"You will ride back to Gold Hill and report the death of the leader at the hands of this young man, and put in a claim for at least half of the combined reward for him. Take his name with you. I will scour the country with the rest of the posse and try to catch Garcia and the other robbers," said the sheriff.

The sheriff and his men then rode down the street inquiring for the justice. That personage, being located, said that the arrest of the boy was merely a matter of form pending the verdict of the jury at the inquest, which form would be held at two o'clock.

"Well, you may take down my statement before witnesses that I have recognized the dead man as the leader of the robber gang which has been terrorizing this country for some months, and I consider the killing, whether accidental or not, thoroughly justified, and a boon to the people at large," said the sheriff.

His statement was written down and he signed it, after which he and his posse dashed out of the camp. The verdict of the coroner's jury later was that the homicide was justified and that Phil Grant was entitled to a vote of thanks for being the means, accidental or otherwise, of ridding the county of a great scoundrel.

Phil was then discharged from arrest.

CHAPTER VI.—Phil Acquires the "Hotel."

The presence of the coroner's jury and a crowd of curious miners put many dollars into Mike Feeney's till, for the bar did a land-office business that afternoon, both Mike and Phil being kept busy passing the bottle, refilling the same from the barrel and washing glasses as fast as they were emptied. The room was fairly crowded all the evening up to eleven o'clock, and Mike's supply of whisky became low. The Irishman was as jovial as a lark on a spring morning, for not only was he getting rid of his stock in trade at a good profit, but he saw in his mind's eye the \$6,000 he had taken from the dead man and which he had placed at the bottom of his trunk in his room.

He intended to present the shack and all it contained to Phil after he had collected his week's board from his customers on Saturday night, and then light out to San Francisco, where he proposed to invest his funds, or a part of them, in a regular city saloon, which was the summit of his present ambition. One regular-sized mining claim went with the "hotel." Its boundaries ran back from the road in the direction of the Falkner mine, which was perhaps a third of a mile away in an air-line, but was a good half a mile by the road.

The Gold Hill News published a graphic account of the shooting of the robber chief, gleaned from the story told by the sheriff's deputies, and Phil Grant was given great credit for winding up the career of the terror of the road. The Citizens' Committee decided that he was entitled to the \$1,000 reward offered, and the express company was of the same opinion, so a committee of two was appointed to carry the \$1,000 to Red Gulch and present it to him, which event took place on Saturday afternoon. As soon as Mike Feeney found that his assistant was worth \$1,000 he reconsidered his original idea of presenting his property to the boy for nothing, and that evening he told Phil that as business of importance called him to San Francisco he would sell out his claim and the hotel for \$250. Phil replied that he wasn't stuck on running the establishment, and had rather quit the business and buy a claim down along the stream.

When Mike saw he was in earnest he hastily reduced his offer to \$100. That tempted the boy, for though he didn't care to run the business on his own hook he thought he might find a purchaser for it for double the money, and so he agreed to take it off Feeney's hands at the last figure. They immediately visited the justice, had the papers drawn up at Mike's expense and duly signed and witnessed. All that remained for Phil to do in order to perfect his title was to take the conveyance to Gold Hill and have it registered in the county clerk's office. This Phil did on Monday, and when he returned to Red Gulch he brought back with him a small keg of good stock and sundry other supplies, all of which he strapped on the back of the mule which passed to him with Feeney's other real and personal effects included in the sale. The horse he rode he bought in Gold Hill, as he felt he needed a good one. Thus Phil became proprietor of the Red

Gulch "Hotel" and restaurant, and at the same time of one mining claim, which might contain quartz gold, out of his reach, or might not. Three weeks passed away and though two men had come over from Gold Hill to size up the "hotel" and its possibilities of trade, Phil was unable to find a purchaser.

"It's worth \$200, and I'll keep on running it until somebody comes along who is willing to come down with that price," Phil told Joe one evening as the three boys sat outside the shack in the moonlight, talking together. "If it wasn't that you chaps visited me pretty regularly I'd feel mighty lonesome here of nights, for very few of the miners drop in here evenings for a drink. They all go to Jake's, and I don't blame them, for they find company and music there to entertain them."

"You sleep alone most every night, don't you?" said Tom.

"Yes."

"You must have a great nerve. I wouldn't do that for a gold mine."

"Why not? Nobody has ever tried to break in and rob me of what little I have."

"It isn't that, though you never can tell but some rascal on a par with that Mexican might come along and knock you on the head for what you've got in your till."

"A curious thing happened the moment after he was shot. I had hold of one of his hands as he fell and a valuable ruby ring he wore on one of his fingers came off in my hand."

"Is that so? You never mentioned the fact to us before."

"I know it. I haven't told anybody about it. It is such a handsome ring that I was afraid somebody might put in a claim for it, saying the robber had taken it from them. You see, I've taken a great fancy to it and don't want to part with it. A remarkable thing about it is that the inside of the ring is covered with curious figures, eleven in all. The first is shaped something like a P and is followed by five smaller characters. Then the second large figure might be taken off-hand for an oddly shaped G, followed by four small characters."

"Well, is there any particular significance in that?"

"For me, yes. My name is Philip Grant. See what I'm getting at?"

"Yes. The P and G would stand for your initials," said Joe.

"Exactly, but the funny part is that there are just enough of the smaller characters to make up the rest of my full name, and they are divided at the right place by the G."

"That is a bit singular," admitted Tom.

"It is that particular circumstance that strikes my fancy even more than the evident value of the ring."

"Where is it? I'd like to see it," said Joe.

"So would I," said Tom.

"I'll get it and show it to you."

Phil ran up the ladder and presently returned with the ring which he had not yet worn.

"Come inside and look at it under the light," he called to them.

"That is a fine stone," said Joe, as the two boys gazed at the ruby. "I'll bet it's worth over \$500. A ruby of that size and quality is worth as much as a fine diamond of the same size. I should say it was all of five or six carats. It glows just like a live coal. It is certainly a beauty."

CHAPTER VII.—Madge Falkner.

After that Phil decided to wear the ruby ring, and he did. On the following Saturday he found it was necessary for him to ride over to Gold Hill for some supplies, which he couldn't get in Red Gulch. He started out early, locking up the shack as soon as he and his boarders had finished their breakfast, after telling them there would be no noon meal that day. He took only his horse with him, as he had no great load to bring back. Nearing the top of the mountain he suddenly heard the crack of a revolver, followed by the scream of a woman.

"Great Scott! I wonder what's up now?" he asked himself, urging his horse forward.

In a few moments he came out into an open space on the trail, and saw a girl struggling unavailingly in the arms of a stalwart, dark-featured man, who seemed to be a Mexican. On the ground lay stretched out a man, apparently dead, while three horses stood close by. Phil, drawing his revolver, dashed up to save the girl. The sound of his horse's hoofs reached the ears of the rascal and he turned his face toward the newcomer. Then Phil, in some surprise, recognized him as the robber lieutenant, called Garcia, the Mexican who had stopped on the night of the shooting of the stranger at the shack. Quick as a flash the scoundrel threw the half-fainting girl over on his left arm, whisked out his revolver and fired at the boy.

That he was a good shot as well as a quick one was attested by the fact that the ball grazed Phil's ear. Phil was afraid to fire himself for fear of hitting the girl whom the Mexican held in front of him, covering the most vulnerable part of his body. The boy reined in just in time to avoid the second bullet which tore a hole through the cloth of his jacket at the shoulder. Such accurate shooting on the villain's part convinced Phil that the next ball was likely to lay him out if he remained a target on the back of his horse. He quickly slipped down on the off-side and glanced under his animal's neck. The Mexican held his gun ready for another shot, but was somewhat incommoded by the frantic struggles of the girl, who continued to scream loudly for help.

Phil stood with his horse's forelegs and body as a partial screen. He was not in a good position to take a shot, anyway, and the girl's body made such a thing all the more difficult for him. The Mexican, impatient over his two misses and anxious to bring matters to a conclusion, fired the moment he saw the boy's face. It was a narrow mark, but he was an expert with the revolver, and the ball tore a furrow over Phil's ear and he pitched forward on the ground, momentarily dazed.

"Caramba! That time I got him!" said the Mexican, in a tone of satisfaction, lowering his gun.

Whether he had finished the boy or not he did not care. All that concerned him was to get away with the girl. As Phil did not move the rascal put up his gun and dragged the girl to his horse. Her resistance amounted to very little, for she was already exhausted by her struggles. The Mexican lifted her on his horse and grasped the pommel to follow when Phil rolled over on his face and recovered his senses. His revolver was in his hand. Partially raising himself, he took aim at the ruffian and fired. Garcia uttered a cry, relaxed his grip on the horse and girl, made a futile reach for his revolver, and sank unconscious to the ground. Phil got on his feet with much difficulty and staggered toward the horse and girl. The girl slipped out of the saddle and ran toward him, crying:

"Save me! Save me!"

"I've dropped him. You are safe," replied Phil, dropping his revolver and trying to steady himself.

He felt sick and weak and the ground seemed moving under him as if the landscape was in the throes of an earthquake. Suddenly everything went black and he fell, like a stone. When he recovered his senses he found his head in the girl's lap and she was bathing his face and head with whisky, some of which she had poured down his throat. She had taken the bottle from the pocket of her escort—the foreman of the Falkner mine.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the girl, on seeing his eyes open.

Phil looked at the girl in wonder.

"Who are you, miss, and what happened to me?" he asked.

Then as his eyes took in the three horses his recollection reasserted itself.

"I remember now," he said, sitting up. "That Mexican rascal—he had hold of you—he shot at me three times and hit me the last time—then I shot him and—that's all I know. I must have fainted."

"You brave boy! How can I ever be too grateful to you for saving me? Wait till I bind up your head where the bullet cut you," she said.

Phil submitted to her gentle touch, then he lay back against a tree and closed his eyes.

"I'll be all right in a little while," he said, in a weak voice, "but just now I feel pretty bad."

"Take another drink of this whisky," she said, holding the flask to his lips.

The liquor revived him a good bit and he opened his eyes. Not being used to drinking whisky, the stuff toned him up at once, and the cold, clammy feeling was replaced by a warm glow.

"You asked who I am," said the girl. "My name is Madge Falkner, and my father is at Red Gulch, where he owns a mine."

"Are you really Miss Falkner?" said Phil, regarding her with interest.

"Yes. You know my father?"

"I know him, for I belong in Red Gulch."

"You do? I am so glad. You will take me there?"

"Of course. You were on your way there when held up by the Mexican?"

"Yes. Mr. Dunn, my father's foreman, came to Gold Hill to meet me when I came over from Redding in the stage. He was shot by that man when he tried to protect me. He is dead, poor fellow. Oh, I never expected such a thing as this. Why should that terrible man try to carry me away with him?"

"He is a notorious scoundrel—a member of a band of robbers whom the sheriff supposed he had driven out of the county a short time ago. I accidentally shot the leader of the gang a month ago, and that brought about what was supposed to be their finish. Whether this Mexican is prowling about these mountains alone, or some of the band are with him, I can't say. I must see if I've killed the fellow. It will be a good riddance if I have."

He got up and approached the Mexican. That ruffian had regained his senses and looked up at him. Suddenly with an exclamation, he caught Phil by the hand.

"Ha!" he cried. "You are wearing el capitan's ring—the fatal ring I warned him against and which cost him his life, and yet I failed to kill you. I remember, he was the eleventh victim and perhaps the last. But unless the inscription fits you you cannot escape its deadly influence."

He grinned horribly at the boy.

"What do you know about this ring?" said Phil.

"You wear it and perhaps you will learn. How many letters in your name?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Caramba! It is nothing to me. Go now and leave me to die."

"It strikes me you are not hurt bad enough to die of your wound."

The ruffian appeared to be stronger and Phil did not like the look in his eye. Phil helped Madge Falkner on her horse and mounted his own. Giving up his purpose to visit Gold Hill, and taking the dead foreman's horse in tow, he started back down the trail with the girl riding beside him.

CHAPTER VIII.—More Trouble for Phil.

On the way down to Red Gulch, Phil got very well acquainted with Madge Falkner. He told her facts about her father's mine which he had never written her about. He told her a great deal about Red Gulch and its rough-and-ready inhabitants, and he told her all about his own personal experiences at the camp. She, on her part, told him many things about herself. In this way the two hours that it took them to descend the trail passed very pleasantly to both. Phil and Madge rode up to the door of the house where Mr. Falkner lived. The boy alighted and knocked. Hop Sing, the Chinaman, came to the door.

"Is Mr. Falkner here?" asked Phil.

"Yepee. Him sittee in backee loom. Footee leste on bedee. All samee much bettee. S'pose this young missee. Bossee 'spectee her. Me tellee him light away."

As the Chinaman disappeared, Phil helped Madge to alight.

"Your father is in his room waiting for you," he said.

The girl, eager to see her father, from whom she had been parted for several months, rushed into the house. Phil tied the two horses to a hook in the wall, mounted his own and rode back the way he came. He stopped at O'Reilly's saloon to tell how Mr. Falkner's daughter had been attacked by the Mexican lieutenant of the robber band, which was supposed to be far away, who had killed her escort, the foreman of the mine and would have carried the girl off into the mountains but for his opportune appearance.

"He fired three shots at me at close range, and the last one nearly finished me," said the boy, pointing to his bandaged head. "I laid him out with one shot, after he thought I was done for, and left him lying, with the dead foreman, near the top of the trail."

"Then we'll go up thar, fetch him down, and have a lynchin' bee this afternoon," said a miner, who had dropped in for a drink, as it was close to noon.

A party was soon formed and started up the trail as fast as they could go. Phil accompanied them. When they reached the scene of the late trouble they found nothing but the body of the dead foreman. The Mexican and his horse had both vanished. The party was much disappointed.

"The scoundrel couldn't have been hurt as bad as you thought he was," said one of the party to Phil. "You ought to have tied him up to a tree and then he couldn't have got away without help."

"Maybe he had help," said Phil. "I don't believe he'd be in the mountains alone. I'll bet some of the gang are with him."

"Well, he's gone and that's all there is to it. All we can do now is to carry Dunn's body back to the Gulch and bury him."

The corpse was tied on one of the horses and the party, with the exception of Phil, started back down the trail. The boy rode off toward Gold Hill. Phil reached Gold Hill about four o'clock, reported the attack on Miss Falkner on the mountain trail, the death of Nat Dunn in her defense, and the presence of the robber lieutenant, and perhaps other ruffians in the neighborhood of Red Gulch.

Then he got some dinner at a restaurant, made his purchases and started back. A hastily formed armed party, in quest of the Mexican, and any companions he might have with him, had preceded him. It was dark when the boy hit the trail at the top of the mountain. He rode along for a while, then, as a precaution in case danger lay in his path, he dismounted and led his horse. It was a dark night, and the breeze rustled the upper limbs of the dark pines among which he was passing. Suddenly through the gloom came the word, "Halt!" and Phil heard the click of the hammer of a revolver pulled back. He dropped the horse's bridle, sank to the ground and crawled into the underbrush. His horse stopped short. Two forms slouched into indistinct view. In a moment they missed the shadow of the person they had seen leading the animal.

"He's slipped off among the trees," said one of them, with an imprecation.

"Let him go. We've got the hoss and saddle-bags," said the other.

As Phil did not propose to lose his animal and the goods in the saddle-bags he determined to take the risk of a shot. With one man down he believed he could cope with the other. Accordingly, he fired at the last speaker. With a cry, the rascal went down. The other sprang behind the horse and peered in the direction whence the shot had come. Phil altered his position a yard or two and then kept quiet.

"Where are yer hit, Dan?" asked the sheltered ruffian.

The only reply he got was a groan from his comrade.

"Blast the luck!" muttered the other.

Matters remained at a standstill for several minutes. Then came a sound from among the trees on the other side of the trail and two more men appeared.

"Dan, Jerry!" they shouted.

"Here I am," said Jerry. "Dan has been shot by the man we held up. He's skulking somewhere in the bushes. See if you can get him."

Phil watched for the men to cross the trail, but owing to the darkness he was not successful in spotting them. Presently there was a flash and report in the brush near him. He did not hear the whistle of the bullet.

"Got him?" cried Jerry from the road.

The shooter made no reply. He had mistaken a stump for a crouching man, and he knew better than to speak out and perhaps invite a shot from the person in hiding. The shot had given the boy the position of at least one of the two newcomers and he crawled closer to the trail. Jerry was still on the other side of the horse, keeping a wary eye around him. Phil kept on crawling down the trail till he lost sight of the horse, then he crawled across the trail and crawled back on the other side. Getting opposite Jerry and his animal he reversed his weapon, rushed upon the ruffian and struck him down with a blow.

Then springing on his horse's back he dashed down the mountain. An hour and a half later Phil reached his shack, took his saddle-bags inside and turned his animal loose in the corral. He went into the kitchen and got his supper. After that he washed up all the breakfast dishes that he had left when he started out. When he had the place tidied up he went to the door and looked out. All was dark and silent up the mountain side, while from down the street came the notes of fiddle and banjo from the concert hall. Phil had looked out that door many a night on just such a scene, when there was no moon and the dark background of the mountains made the prevailing gloom more intense.

The lonesomeness of the shack since the departure of Mike Feeney had never particularly affected him; that is, not in the way it would have some persons. He liked company as well as anybody, but as no evening passed that either his two new friends, Joe and Tom, or several miners did not drop in on him, he stuck to his post instead of spending his nights where the big crowd went. On this evening, however, he felt restless and watchful, and unusual fancies disturbed his thoughts. It might have been the ef-

fect of his wound which throbbed and pained him considerably.

He had had it attended to by a doctor in Gold Hill and had brought a liniment to apply to it three times a day. Or it might have been the reaction after his two exciting encounters up the mountain. At any rate, he had a feeling that something was going to happen. Several times he imagined the ruby ring was pressing unusually tight on his finger, and looked to see if his finger had swollen, but there was nothing the matter with it, nor was the ring harder to shift than before. A ruby does not absorb light, and therefore has no glow whatever in the dark. The ruby Phil wore, on account of the peculiarity of its setting, the work of no modern stone setter, glowed like a live coal in the moonlight, glistened like a snake's eyes under artificial light, and in the darkness possessed the pale, lambient, smoky light of sulphur when rubbed. The effect under the last conditions was extremely weird.

As Phil looked at it as he stood at the door he fancied it resembled a smoldering cigar end, the burning tobacco clouded by a whitish smoke instead of ashes. Phil usually brought a chair outside and sat there, whether the night was bright or dark, but somehow he did not feel like doing it that evening. The knowledge of the robbers in the mountains suggested how easy it would be for them to creep on him unawares in the dark and shoot him, and that deterred him. He thought of closing up and going down to O'Reilly's saloon and telling of his run-in with the robbers that evening on the trail, but for some reason he could not make up his mind to do it. As the moments passed his uneasiness increased.

"I'm blessed if I know what's the matter with me to-night," he muttered. "I never felt so queer before. I wonder if that bullet has injured my brain? Maybe I'm losing my wits, and will end up in a bug-house."

Such a reflection did not make him feel any happier.

"I'm imagining all sorts of queer things. I fancy those robbers are coming after me. That would be too risky for them unless they surprised me, for one shot would bring fifty men to this spot any time before midnight, and would arouse the camp at any hour of the night. Then this ring feels as if it were alive. That is pure imagination, but the effect on me is similar to the feeling a man has months after an arm has been cut off—he imagines it is still there. I can feel the ring at times squeeze my finger, yet I know it really isn't. It couldn't."

Finally Phil couldn't stand things any longer, and he abruptly shut up the shack and climbed the ladder, resolved to go to bed and sleep it off. He turned in, but he couldn't sleep to save his life. Suddenly there came a pounding on the front door. He got up, crossed the passage to Room Number 5 and looked out.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"Come down and let us in. We want a drink," said a rough voice.

"I'm closed up for the night. Go down to O'Reilly's."

"We want to see you about the trouble you had up the mountain to-night."

As Phil had not seen any resident of Red Gulch

since he returned from Gold Hill that remark sounded suspicious to him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Come down and you'll see."

"I'm not coming down. Good-night."

He pulled in his head and listened. The men below were holding a consultation, but he couldn't hear what they said. They made no further demonstration, and in a few moments walked off, not in the direction of O'Reilly's, but of the trail. Phil returned to bed, and this time he fell asleep. It was after midnight when he awoke suddenly and sat up in bed. He had an idea that something had pinched the finger on which he wore the ruby ring. The after-sensation was very apparent, but nobody was in the room. Then he distinctly heard the sound of the window being raised in the next room—Number 3. There was no imagination about that. He seized his revolver, hopped out of bed, ran to the door of Number 3 and opened it. He saw a dark form in the act of getting in the window. Nobody belonging to Red Gulch was likely to do such a thing as that, so he took a hurried aim and fired at the intruder. That person uttered a yell and fell back, outward. Phil rushed to the window, stuck out his arm and fired three shots in the air. Two revolver shots from below answered, the bullets burying themselves in the ceiling. A moment or two later he heard a galloping of several horses, then silence. Red Gulch, however, had been aroused.

CHAPTER IX.—The Heathen Chinese.

The miners turned out from all quarters and came rushing toward the "hotel." Phil pulled on his clothes and met the advance guard at the door. He told his story, and also the story of his nocturnal adventure on the trail. By the time he had finished there were nearly forty men surrounding him. A lantern was lighted and the rear of the shack visited, but the man Phil fired at was not there. It was quite apparent he had been carried off by his comrades.

No doubt existed now that there were robbers in the mountains to the west of the Gulch, and it was decided to start out in the morning and hunt for them. The miners then returned to their cabins and other sleeping places and things quieted down again. Phil was not disturbed again that night. When he awoke he felt pretty good again. His head was better and all his fancies had taken flight. He re-bound up his wound, went down to the kitchen and got breakfast for his boarders.

As it was Sunday morning, they came in late and not all together. Most of them had been in the crowd the night before, and were prepared to start out on the robber hunt. Nothing else was talked about but the return of the rascals to the county and their appearance in that neighborhood. The miners were of one mind, and that was to clean the rascals out. Phil was complimented for putting several of them out of active business.

In the course of an hour thirty miners started on the job. Phil didn't care to go with them. He figured that he had done his share. He set

his place to rights and took a seat outside in the sunshine. In ten minutes Joe and Tom came along.

"Say, you've done a big thing for yourself, Phil. You've made yourself solid with Mr. Falkner and his daughter for saving the young lady yesterday," said Joe. "They were both over here yesterday afternoon, looking for you—to express their thanks and so on, but you were away. They're coming over this morning again. By the way, we heard you had trouble here last night. They say you were attacked by a bunch of robbers—some of the same old gang that held up the stage coach when we came over from Redding. Tell us about it."

Phil related all that had happened and described the trouble he ran against on the mountain trail.

"My gracious! you're lucky you're alive!" said Tom. "The robbers have got the worst of it every time they've tackled you."

"I guess they have it in for me for shooting the Mexican," said Phil.

"And he has it in for you for that and getting Miss Falkner away from him. I guess he expected to hold her for a big ransom," said Joe.

"I don't care a snap for his feelings concerning me. The whole crowd will probably be run down in a day or two."

At that moment a lone Chinaman, with a bundle, hove in sight, coming down the trail.

"Hello! Here comes a moon-eyed stranger," said Tom.

The Chinaman struck the road, stopped, and then came forward.

"Hello!" he said, with a bland smile.

"Hello, yourself, John! How came you to blow into the Gulch?"

"This Led Gulchee, eh?"

"That's what it is," said Phil. "What do you expect to do here?"

"Me 'spect do washee-washee."

"Going to start a laundry, eh? Where's your paraphernalia?"

"Whatee mean?"

"Where's your tubs, clothes-lines and other things?"

"Comee ovee to-mollah."

"How much money you got?"

"Not muchee. 'Steen dollah. 'Spect to makee scads by and by."

"Where do you come from?"

"San Francisco, Saclamento, Ledding. Not muchee luck since me left Flisco."

"Why didn't you go back, then?"

The Chink grinned.

"Likee go backee first-late. Not healthy go backee."

"Why not?"

"Have velly good leason. Me keepee bankee on Saclamento stleet."

"A bank! What kind of a bank—faro?"

"Leglee bankee. Have two, tlee huddled depositor."

"Great Shakespeare! Do you mean to say that you ran a money bank?"

"Allee samee like Melican man. Chinaman comee, puttee monee in. Me keepee fo' him. Belly fat snappee. Me livee fine at high-tonee Chinee lestaurant. Havee loast beef, lassbelly pudding fo' dinnee. Maccaloni, lobins fo' sup-

pee. Gottee fat, allee samee like mandalin. Savvee?"

"Go on. Tell us some more about your bank. Draw it mild, though."

"What meanee dlaw it mild? No savee."

"Never mind, go ahead. What happened to your bank?"

"Chinaman gettee jealous I makee big boodle. Puttee up job. Startee lun on bankee. No likee. Lookee like bustee. Me pay tlee, fo'. Takee time. Gettee fly. Fixee clockee back. Shuttee shop. Tell deplositor me go catchee scads. Come back fo' 'clock to-mollah. Allee gone me opee safee, takee boodle outee, puttee in glip-sack. Skippee fo' 'clockee by Sacramento boat. Savee? S'pose go back San Francisco, deplositor makee tlouble fo' me. Gettee wallant out. Coppee come test me. Me keepee way."

"So you're a defaulter, are you?" said Phil.

"Whatee that?"

"You skinned your trustin' depositors out of their money."

"No skinnee. Me keepee boodle fo' while 'count lun on bankee. By and by me go backee, payee up with intlest, p'laps," said the Chink blandly.

"I suppose you expect us to believe that yarn of yours?" said Phil.

"S'pose no believee, all samee to me. Where bossee hotel? Me likee stay till opee laundly."

"I'm the boss."

"You bossee? How much chargee?"

"Four bits a night for room and four bits each meal—two dollars a day."

"Lats! Too muchee. Me no bankee plesident."

"I thought you were from your story. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll let you work the \$2 out."

"Wantee cook?"

"Can you cook?"

"Bettee life. Cookee anything. Loast beef, labbit stew, pudding, makee blead, flapjackee. Me belly fine cook. Allee samee French cheffee."

"Come into the kitchen and I'll put you to work," said Phil.

The Chink followed him with alacrity and was soon peeling a pan of potatoes for the boarders' dinners.

"What awful liars those Chinks are," said Joe, when Phil returned.

"This fellow certainly told a whopper about being a banker. His name is Hop Hi. He's a smart rooster, all right."

"Here comes Mr. Falkner and his daughter," said Tom.

Phil looked down the road and saw the mine owner and Miss Madge approaching on foot. When they came near he went forward to meet them. The girl greeted him with a winsome smile.

"I have come over, Phil Grant, to thank you for the service you rendered my daughter yesterday," said Mr. Falkner, grasping Phil by the hand. "Believe me, I shall not forget it."

"You are welcome, Mr. Falkner. I only did what any man in this section would have done under like circumstances," replied the boy.

"But you risked your life for my Madge. The wound on your head shows what a narrow escape you had from death at the hands of that Mexican scoundrel."

"Well, that is a chance one has to take out here in the mining district."

"That may be, but you have earned my life-long gratitude, and I'll see that you lose nothing through the risk you faced."

"That's all right. I am well repaid by the knowledge that I saved your daughter from a serious trouble, and you from much worry. I am glad to see that your leg is so much better that you can walk about."

"I have to use a stick, you see, but not for long, I hope," said the mine owner.

"How do you feel this morning, Miss Falkner, after your ride from Gold Hill and somewhat strenuous experience en route?" asked Phil.

"Nicely, thank you," smiled the girl. "How is your head?"

"Getting on all right. I had it fixed up by a doctor at Gold Hill yesterday afternoon."

"We were over here yesterday afternoon, but found your place closed."

"So I heard."

"Father told me this morning that you met with several of the robbers on your return, and also that they later tried to get into your house, but that you shot one of them and frightened them off."

"That is quite true. I was waylaid on the trail by two men. I wounded one of them, and then two others came up. I managed to get away in the darkness."

"How are you making out with Feeney's business?" asked Mr. Falkner.

"I'm not making a fortune. I'd like to sell out and buy a mining claim down on the stream."

"You'd have to work it by hydraulic washing, and it's a question whether it would pay you in the long run. It won't take long to clean up all the surface mining in this place, and then there will be a change. That there is good gold and silver-bearing rock down at a 100-foot level and below that is proved by the success I am having with my mine. It can only be got at by boring for it and following the veins. Every one of the abandoned claims may be rich in quartz at a depth, and the same can be said of the other claims. It is quite possible that the mountains around us are alive with gold, but tunnels would have to be bored at such spots as showed favorable indications. The main tunnel I am pushing at a 75-foot depth is following a vein that leads into the mountain. In anticipation that the vein will keep on, I have lately taken up a claim that embraces a section of the mountain to the east. I have always thought well of this claim you acquired from Feeney. I wouldn't sell it if I were you. It runs along the mountainside. I would advise you to take up a new claim alongside of it, running up the mountain. It might ultimately be greatly to your advantage."

"I haven't any money to work a regular mine, sir," said Phil. "I could only carry on surface washing."

"Don't you worry about the money. The next time I go over to Gold Hill I'll look up a good prospector and bring him over to go over your claim and the mountainside beyond it. If he finds any outcropping of ore-bearing rock, I'll lend you funds enough to make a start. I owe you that much out of pure gratitude for what you have done for my daughter."

"You're very kind, sir, but I'm afraid there's nothing in my claim. Mike would not have sold it to me for less than the cost of the building if he had supposed there was gold in the ground."

"Did he ever look the claim over? I doubt if he knew enough about the indications that point to the presence of any kind of ore-bearing rock to tell what might be in the ground."

"I don't think he ever thought about the claim as a mining proposition."

"That's my opinion. Well, we must be going, Madge. Come over and visit us, Phil. We'll be glad to see you any time."

"Thank you, I will," said the boy, wishing them good morning.

CHAPTER X.—"Greatest Mine in the World."

Hop Hi proved to be a good cook, and the dinner he turned out was considerable better than anything in that line that Phil, who had no great culinary aptitude, had ever produced, and the boarders duly appreciated it. Phil told the Chinaman he was all right, and could remain at the shack as long as he wanted to as cook and general assistant, and in addition to his board and room the boy agreed to pay him half a dollar a day and give him the privilege of using his kitchen and the back premises to do laundry work, the receipts from which he was to keep.

The Chink considered this proposition so advantageous that he agreed to it at once, and promised not to let the laundry work interfere with his duties as cook and all-around helper. The matter being settled, Phil left Hop Hi to wash the dishes and look after the bar and took a stroll over his claim and up the mountainside. His property was rocky and very uneven, particularly the rear half of it, which formed part of the mountainous side of the western boundary of the canyon. It overlooked the mine and buildings belonging to Mr. Falkner about a quarter of a mile away.

"If there's any gold in these rocks it doesn't show on them, as far as I can see," he said to himself, as he stopped to rest himself on a huge boulder that had come down the mountainside years before and landed there. "It is funny how gold and silver and copper and other metals form in rocks. They are the result of certain natural conditions that vary in different localities. Mr. Falkner is a lucky man to strike paying ore away down out of sight. I wonder how he figured out the right place to sink his shaft, or how far down to dig it before running off his two tunnels? The work has cost him a good deal of money, which might have proved a dead loss, as it often has in mining districts."

"It's a singular thing, too, that many claims located around a rich-paying mine fail to pan out themselves. Ore veins only occasionally run the way you expect them to. You may find one 100 feet down near the boundary of your claim, and instead of running off into the next claim, as one would expect it to do, it switches about and maybe runs along just inside your boundary, breaks off somewhere, and then turns up again

on some claim half a mile away. Or it may run into the adjoining claim and lose itself there. I wish I owned a mine of any kind. I'd make enough out of it to give me a big start in life. Well, I guess I'll go back to the shack."

As he rose to his feet his boots slipped on the smooth surface of the boulder and he tumbled heavily on the ground. Then he got the surprise of his life, for what seemed solid ground proved to be only a thin crust of earth at that point. It gave way under him and down he went with a rush of earth and stones to a depth of ten feet or so, the shock rendering him unconscious. Many hours passed before he came to his senses, and night had come over the face of the landscape. Still a bit dazed from his fall, he stumbled about to escape from the hole, and soon found himself in a tunnel that ran into the mountain. Lighting a match and then a piece of candle he had in his pocket, he followed the tunnel till he found himself standing beside a fast-running underground stream. It was shallow and wide, and at his feet it eddied into a pocket. Here he saw a great lump of yellow stuff. Bending down, he reached out and landed it on the earth. At once he recognized it as a large nugget of pure gold. It had been slowly forming and growing there for years and years. The stream, rushing over gold quartz, had washed away the gold, as well as the white quartz, in fine particles, called dust. That side of the stream, flowing into the pocket of the rock, swirled around like a whirlpool and escaped around the edge of the pocket carrying the quartz with it, but the gold being much heavier, sank to the bottom and by degrees formed the big nugget. Had Phil not accidentally happened upon it, the nugget would have continued to grow as time passed.

"Gold—pure gold!" cried Phil, in astonished delight, forgetting the predicament he was in. "This must be worth thousands of dollars. I am rich. There must be more than one nugget here."

He looked into the pocket and found several lesser ones. Then he looked into the stream, holding the candle close to the surface of the water, and saw that the bed of the stream was fairly alive with gold quartz. He glanced along the wall of that part of the tunnel and saw gold quartz everywhere.

"My! this is a veritable mine and the greatest in the world."

Around on the floor were rude implements fashioned out of stone and hard metal, which showed that this mine had been worked for its precious quartz at a period before modern picks, shovels, drills and such implements were in common use in that part of the country at least. That meant a long time ago, two or three hundred years, perhaps. Phil was fairly dazed by the show of natural wealth surrounding him. It was as if a turn of Aladdin's Lamp had suddenly transported him from the outer air to the depths of this mountain mine.

"It's on my property, or close to it," he said, with feverish excitement. "No one but me knows about it, and no one shall know. I will work it on the quiet. I'll be a young gold king, and no one in Red Gulch will be a whit the wiser."

The candle was getting short in his fingers, but he didn't notice the fact till his trembling hand

upset some of the hot tallow on his fingers. That recalled him to himself.

"I must find my way out of this underground prison, or what good will all this gold do me? I'll take this big nugget with me, for it might happen that I couldn't find this place again. I think not, for the tunnel seems to be fairly straight. I must hurry back to where I fell in or I'll stand a chance of losing myself in the dark if the candle goes out too soon."

With trembling eagerness and excitement he hurried back the way he had come, but when he reached the pile of rock and dirt that indicated the hole through which he had fallen, all looked dark above, for he did not realize how long he had been senseless, and that night had set in.

"My heavens!" he cried. "This is terrible! Of what use to me is this golden nugget, that would buy perhaps a bank, if I cannot get out of this tunnel? No use. It might be purest dross as well."

He held it up and glared at it with the frenzied stare of a lunatic. And as he looked upon it his eye was caught by the glitter of the ruby ring. Under artificial light we have before remarked that it glowed like a burning coal. To the boy's fascinated gaze it had never glowed brighter. It fairly shot out gleams of red fire, and the band seemed to squirm around his finger and contract like the folds of a boa-constrictor.

The words of the Mexican recurred to him for the first time—that if the inscription on the ring did not fit him it would get him yet. He had warned the captain of the band against its fatal influence, and the rascal had met his death—the eleventh victim of the circlet.

"Can a senseless ring possess the power of life and death? Am I its twelfth victim?" muttered the frenzied boy. "Yes, it must be so, for here I am buried alive, with the wealth of an empire within my grasp. How it glows and burns on my finger! It's laughing at me. Mocking my desperation. And when I am dead it will still glow and chuckle over its work. That it never shall do. I will tear it from my hand and deprive it of that satisfaction."

He dropped the lump of gold and reached for the ring. The movement dislodged the waferlike remains of the candle. It fell and he was in pitch darkness. This new shock removed his thoughts from the ring, the stone of which no longer flashed before his eyes. He stood like a figure carved from stone, breathing heavily—the picture of stupefied despair. Thus passed many minutes, and then suddenly he became sensible of a draught of cool air upon his fevered face. It did not come down the hole, but from a direction farther on. The wind had risen outside and was sighing through the canyon, but its whisperings he could not hear down there. Another draught of air fanned his cheek. He began to recover his normal faculties.

"There must be an outlet somewhere to this tunnel, for I can feel the fresh air," he breathed, a hopeful feeling coming over him. "It is somewhere ahead. I must find it, for my life depends on it."

He began feeling his way forward in the dark. The farther he advanced the stronger became the breeze. But there was no sign of daylight, which

he expected to see. Suddenly his foot slipped and he pitched forward into a thick mass of bushes. His struggles to extricate himself pulled him through the rank overgrowth and then, all at once, he found himself on all fours out in the open night air.

CHAPTER XI.—Phil Acquires More Ground.

Phil looked around him in some astonishment.

"Why, it's night!" he exclaimed, "and I thought it was still afternoon. I must have been unconscious some hours. Well, I don't care as long as I'm out of the place. My gracious! I thought I saw my finish. What did I do with that lump of gold? Ah, I remember! I dropped it near that pile of earth and rock at the spot where I figured I fell in. I must go back and get it, but not now. I'll wait till to-morrow. It will be safe enough there. These bushes cover the entrance to the tunnel. There are so many patches of bushes just like them that I must place a mark on the spot I will recognize."

He started to gather a lot of stones and pieces of rock. These he laid down in the form of a circle, with a cross inside of it.

"There, I won't miss that. I know it isn't far from the big boulder I slipped off. Now I'll return to the shack. I wonder if the Chink has saved me any supper? If he hasn't, I'll—no, I won't. I'll find something to eat for myself. My, just to think I've found a real gold mine—a mine that has evidently been worked a long time ago by the Indians or the aboriginals. Why, the place is fairly alive with gold! It runs right into the mountains. The best part of it might be beyond the limits of my claim, so the thing for me to do is to follow Mr. Falkner's advice and stake out a claim up the mountain.

"He'll show me how to do it, and how to secure title to it. I'll do all that before I breathe a word about my discovery, but I can work the mine in the meanwhile on the quiet, and gather some bags of the quartz ready to send over to Mr. Falkner's smelter when the time comes. That big lump, and all the other nuggets won't have to go to the smelter. I'll hide them in a safe place in the tunnel."

Phil soon reached the shack and found that supper had been over for some time.

"You eatee out, eh?" said the Chink.

"No, John. Haven't had my supper yet."

"No suppee! Me cookee anything you wantee."

"Fry me a couple of eggs and make a fresh pot of tea."

"Allee lightee. Me do it belly quickee."

Phil got his supper and then went behind the bar to see if the Chink had done any business that afternoon. He had left two dollars in change in the till, and he found \$2.40.

"How many drinks did you sell, John?" he asked.

"How many dlinks? Me no able countee."

"Was it that many?" asked Phil, counting off four fingers.

"You watchee. I countee my way."

"One, two," he said, touching his fingers. "One, two, tlee. One, two. One, two, tlee, fo'."

In this way the Chinaman counted sixteen drinks.

"So you sold sixteen drinks, eh? Only the price of four is in the till."

"Mostee chappie standee me up. Puttee name on slatee."

Phil looked at the slate and found the names down of those who hadn't paid. They were all honest enough to chalk the score up themselves. The result tallied with the Chinaman's enumeration. Shortly after breakfast next morning Phil took a bag, a hammer and a lantern and started for the entrance to his mine. He found the opening without much trouble and worked his way inside through the dense mass of bushes, which had probably not been disturbed for a very long time. Then he lighted the lantern and started forward through the tunnel. He soon came to where the loose dirt and stones were, and, looking upward, he saw the hole through which he had fallen.

He found the big lump of gold and dropped it into the bag. Throwing the bag over his shoulder, and with the lantern at his side, he went on. He counted his steps from the mass of debris till he reached the cavernous end of the tunnel through which the stream passed. They numbered about sixty. The water came rushing out of a big hole that might be likened to the outlet of a moderate-sized sewer. It probably ran for some distance through the mountain. Phil thoroughly examined the interior of that cavern, and wherever he looked he found quartz thick with golden particles. He devoted an hour to searching the stream for nuggets.

They were to be found only in the many pockets where the water eddied. With the hammer he chipped off a lot of the quartz and it all went into his bag until he had a load as heavy as he could drag along. He hid the bag in a hole near the bushes, and with a pocketful of the smaller nuggets he blew out the lantern and left the mine.

"I think I can truly say I'm a young gold king, for this is certainly the greatest mine in the world. The sides, the roof and the bottom of the stream are lined with gold quartz that should assay at a high rate. There is gold enough in sight to make me a rich boy, and there ought to be enough more out of sight to make me a millionaire. I am a lucky boy, all right. I wonder if my coming into possession of the ruby ring has anything to do with it? I believe there is such a thing as luck in stones—the one, for instance, that belongs to the month you were born in. From what the Mexican said about the ruby one would stamp it as unlucky instead of lucky, since he said it was responsible for the death of eleven persons who had worn it, presumed in succession. I don't believe that, though I've heard of certain valuable stones belonging to titled Europeans being gifted with the properties of good or evil."

That Phil had struck luck since the ruby ring came into his possession was a fact, but whether its alleged fatal influence upon the lives of eleven previous wearers had any real foundation outside the Mexican's superstitious fancy is very doubtful. Phil walked to the place where the hole was and paced off, as well as he could, sixty steps and found that the distance was well within the boundary of his claim.

That was a source of satisfaction to him, but as it was quite probable the gold quartz extended for some distance into the mountain, he determined to lose no time in acquiring one or more additional claims which, under the mining law of the State, he could secure at very little expense. So that afternoon he went over to see Mr. Falkner on the subject. He did not intend to tell the mining man about his discovery, but merely wanted to get the benefit of his advice about staking off more claims. The gentleman received him in a hearty way and listened to what he had to say.

"I will help you stake off another claim in a legal manner," he said. "Then, in order to perfect your title, you will have to do a certain amount of excavation on it to show your intention. The amount and manner of this initial excavation is regulated by law, which you must follow. You have a certain time to do this in, and when complied with, your title is confirmed and the property becomes yours absolutely."

The mining man said that one more claim he thought would be enough to cover all future prospects, but then he did not know that there actually was gold where Phil was fully aware there was a very rich mine. Had the boy told him the truth and taken him into the mine, he would have told the lad to take up considerably more ground. Within a week another claim was staked off, and Phil went to Gold Hill and registered his application for title. He received what might be termed his first paper and printed instructions to follow out. The rest was up to himself. As he had lots of time in which to make the requisite excavations, he did not start right away, but securing certain tools, began secret work in his mine. He left the "hotel" in charge of Hop Hi, and as business outside the restaurant did not grow to any extent, though the camp did, the Chinaman devoted a large portion of his time to building up his laundry business, which proved a success.

It eventually became almost as good, financially, as his alleged banking business in San Francisco, which yarn he subsequently admitted to Phil was pure fiction. Thus several weeks elapsed, and the dozen bags Phil had taken one by one into his mine were stacked up full of quartz near the entrance of the tunnel. From time to time he carried small nuggets to Gold Hill and disposed of them there without exciting any remark, but he knew that the moment he brought his large lump it would set the town afire with curiosity and excitement. So he held the big lump back and also delayed telling Mr. Falkner of the twelve bags of quartz he had ready to send to his smelter. But matters were shaping themselves that was to bring "the greatest mine in the world" to the attention of the Western world.

CHAPTER XII.—Trouble at the Falkner Mine.

The reader will probably wish to know whether the expedition that started out in search of the robbers that Sunday morning achieved results. The thirty miners scoured the mountains pretty thoroughly that day, but they failed to find any trace of the rascals. A posse under the deputy

sheriff was also on the job, but with no better success. The fact that the two search parties meant business had the effect of chasing the robbers away from the neighborhood, and during the time Phil was working in his mine nothing more was heard of them. It was about this time that some miners prospecting at what was known as Coyote Creek discovered a number of golden nuggets. They staked out several claims and started to work them on the pan principle. They continued to find nuggets and dust.

They were so overjoyed by their good fortune that they let the news out, and a rush of miners from all neighboring quarters took place. As Coyote Creek was only a few miles away from Red Gulch, and as the report of its nuggets and dust gave the new diggings the reputation of a veritable Eldorado, an exodus took place from the Gulch, and the latter place took on a deserted air. Phil lost all his boarders, and Hop Hi all his laundry trade, which caused the Chinaman to lose his customary bland smile.

As there was little for him to do about the shack now, Phil had to let off the three dollars a week he was paying him in addition to his board and room. The fact that the Chink had made a fat wad during the time he had been at the Gulch did not comfort the Celestial a whole lot.

"Gleat Scottee!" he exclaimed, using one of Phil's expressions. "Whatee do now? We both go bloke. Bettie go Coyote Cleek, makee flesh startee."

"I'll bet you've got quite a wad."

"No waddee. Six dollar. Lookie big. Not mucheel!"

"Get out! What are you giving me? You've got more than a hundred hidden away."

The Chink protested volubly that \$6 was the extent of his pile.

"One huddled dollar givee me swellee head. Whoop! Gettee dlunk. Paintee Gulch led. Laisee Old Nickee. Go China to-mollah."

Phil knew that Hop Hi was lying, so he said no more. That afternoon the Chink borrowed the mule, rode to Gold Hill and opened an account at the savings bank. He came back with a small tent and other necessary articles. Next morning, while Phil was working in his mine, he departed, bag and baggage, on the mule for Coyote Creek, where he reopened his laundry and got all the trade of the place. He sent the mule back with a note in Chinese characters, which said nothing, because he knew Phil couldn't read them.

The exodus to Coyote Creek brought trouble to Mr. Falkner, for nearly all his hands quit him and went to the creek to find nuggets on their own account. The Falkner mine came to a standstill for a week, and then a bunch of hard-looking men applied there for work. They explained that they had come from Coyote Creek and said that the report of its golden wealth had been exaggerated. They had not been able to make their claims pay, so they were willing to go to work in the Falkner mine for \$5 a day. Three of them were rascally appearing Mexicans, and the mine owner had his doubts about taking the bunch on.

As they appeared to be insistent, he was also afraid to turn them away, so he decided to give them a trial. The foreman soon discovered that

they knew nothing about mining, and he also saw that they did not exert themselves to any great extent. He reported the facts to Mr. Falkner and that gentleman became apprehensive of more trouble. Phil and Tom, who had stuck by the mine, were called from the tunnel in which they were working, handed revolvers and told to look out for themselves.

"In case of trouble I want you, with the foreman and the two or three people who have stood by me, to retreat to my house for the protection of my daughter. In the meanwhile I'm going to send a note to the sheriff at Gold Hill, telling him how matters stand here, and see if he can't send me a few honest miners," said Mr. Falkner.

The messenger that the mining man dispatched bore a note to Phil, but as that lad was in his mine and the shack shut up, the messenger stuck it under the door. Phil found it there when he returned at noon to prepare his dinner. The note told Phil about the state of things at the mine, and requested him, as a favor, to come over about dark, and help stand guard at the house in order to insure the safety of Miss Falkner. As there was nothing Phil wouldn't have done for Madge, between whom and himself had grown up a strong bond of friendship, the request was not made in vain.

After dinner he carried four rifles that had been left with him for safe keeping to his mine, with a quantity of cartridges, and then he went over to see Mr. Falkner and Madge, and assure them that he would be on hand that evening, or he would remain then if his presence was of any use. As the newcomers had eaten their dinner and gone back to work without making any unfavorable demonstration, Mr. Falkner judged that there would be no trouble that afternoon, and told Phil, whom he supposed to be working on the excavation of his new claim, to go back to his property and return after supper.

"If you should want me, send Tom or Joe over to the big boulder on my old claim and fire a revolver down the hole he will see there," said Phil.

"Why, are you working on that claim?" asked Mr. Falkner, in some surprise.

"Yes, and I might as well admit to you now that I've struck it rich there. If you will come over, I'll show you a strike that makes the reported riches at Coyote Creek look like a brass token beside a 50 slug."

"Is it possible! I shall be glad to come, but I can't go just now. I wouldn't leave my daughter under any consideration at this moment."

"You could bring her with you."

The mining man shook his head.

"It wouldn't be safe as things stand."

"Well, I'll be over before dark. By the way, I've four Remington rifles at my place. If you are short of arms, you'd better send for three of them."

"We are well provided with weapons, so we don't need them. The new men do not appear to be armed, which is a reassuring reflection," said Mr. Falkner.

"That's a good thing," said Phil, who then bade Madge good-by, after assuring her that if need be he'd sacrifice his life in her defense, and went back to work. About every half hour Phil came out to the entrance of his mine, the bushes guard-

ing which he had cut away to a large extent to admit free entrance and exit, and looked over at the Falkner mine, but all was comparatively quiet there. Work in the mine shut down at five o'clock, and at that hour the man who tended the engine that hoisted the bucket and also operated the pump blew the whistle. Phil was quitting himself when he heard the whistle, and he came to the entrance and looked out.

He stood there for some minutes. Suddenly he heard the muffled report of a revolver coming from the shaft house. Joe and Tom were returning from the smelter with empty barrows. A bunch of men dashed out of the building, looked around and rushed at the two boys. Joe and Tom started to run toward Mr. Falkner's house, but were cut off by some of the men. Then they dodged the crowd and started directly for Phil's claim. Their pursuers followed, waving picks and shovels in the air, and shouted to them to stop.

When Joe and Tom refused to stop, the men began hurling threats after them. Some picked up stones and threw them after the fleeing lads. One of the missiles landed on Joe's head and staggered him for a moment, but he kept on, tying a handkerchief around the slight wound. As the two boys reached the entrance to the mine, Phil, who had been watching the trouble at the neighboring mine, sprang out with three rifles in his hands.

"Take these and defend yourselves," he said. "I will stand by you."

Joe and Tom each seized a rifle, and the three boys presented the muzzles of the weapons at the advancing crowd.

CHAPTER XIII.—Within an Inch of His Life.

The pursuers stopped in a hurry, overawed by the sudden show of armed force which they had not looked for. They engaged in a hurried consultation, and then turning around, they started to retrace their steps at a rapid rate. In the meanwhile, the rest of the new miners surrounded the house of the owner and made a hostile demonstration. Mr. Falkner appeared at a window and ordered them to disperse. This they at first refused to do, but when the mine owner and the Chinaman threatened them with revolvers, they drew off and united with the party which had chased Joe and Tom. A pow-wow was held and then the bunch moved off to the tool house, where they left their implements, and, breaking up in small groups, made no further belligerent actions. When the pursuing party turned around and beat a retreat from Phil's claim, the young gold king asked his two friends if the two miners had broken out and were ripe for mischief.

"It looks like it," said Joe. "They started to attack Tom and me for no cause whatever. If we hadn't been spry, they'd have laid us out."

"They're going to attack the house!" cried Phil. "Come on."

The three boys started forward at a run. Suddenly Phil remembered that they had no ammunition except the single cartridge in their rifles. He called a halt and said they must go back and

fill their pockets, for they could not hope to make headway against the crowd with only one shot each. So back they went. By the time they were ready to proceed again, matters had quieted down at the Falkner mine.

"The trouble seems to have blown over for the present at least," said Phil. "No use of our making a demonstration now. It would only serve to start things going again."

The other two agreed with him, so they squatted down and watched. Nothing more happened, and when the Chinaman, who cooked for the miners, beat his gong, the men all got up and walked into the eating house, the upper floor of which was used as a dormitory. Things looked so pacific that the boys were reassured.

"Are you going over to your supper?" Phil asked.

Joe and Tom looked doubtful. Noting their indecision, Phil said:

"Come over to the shack and eat with me to-night. Then we'll go over to the mine. I promised Mr. Falkner I'd be there after dark."

His proposition was agreeable to his friends, so the three, taking the rifles with them, started for the shack. Phil got supper and all sat down to it with hearty appetites. They had just finished when they heard a rush of hoofs down the trail.

"I wonder who's coming now?" said Phil.

The horsemen, of which there were half a dozen, well armed, struck the road and started for the shack. As the boys rose from the table the door was suddenly blocked by the rascally form of Garcia, the Mexican.

"Aha, young senors, I wish you a very good evening!" he said, with a sardonic leer that fitted his ugly face quite naturally.

The boys made no reply, for Phil recognized him as an enemy, and the other two had strong doubts as to his friendliness.

"We meet again, Senor Grant," he said, in a mocking tone. "The last time all the advantage was yours, but now, caramba! things are the other way. You wear the ring still, I see! Bueno! I told you if the inscription did not fit you that it would get you some time. That time has come. You killed el capitan. Now it is your turn to die. The ring shall have its twelfth victim, though eleven was supposed to be its limit. When you are dead some one will take it from your finger and perhaps he will have reason to regret it, too. It's worth 1,000, so el capitan said, but I would not wear it for a gold mine. I warned him to get rid of it, but unfortunately it had struck his fancy, and he scoffed at my tale."

"As you have me cornered, and I can't escape, perhaps you'll tell me what you know about the ring," said Phil, outwardly calm but inwardly groping about for a chance that would save his life.

The rascal grinned maliciously.

"I am glad to see that the senor understands that he has no chance. My hand is on my gun and I'm a deadshot. I can hit the ace at a dozen paces four times out of six at least. Besides, I have five of my friends outside ready to take a hand if I failed. Since you have but a few minutes to live, I will humor you. I will tell you what I told el capitan."

He then proceeded to tell the history of the ring as related in the second chapter. He did not remove his eyes from Phil. At length Garcia finished his recital.

"Now, senor, prepare to die with your boots on!" he said.

"Well, shoot away, I can't stop you. As to the ring, I think the inscription fits me as well as it could fit any one."

"In what way?" grinned the rascal. "It fits your finger, that's all, otherwise you would become lucky and it would not bring death to you."

"I have become lucky—the luckiest boy in the world."

"Caramba! Do you call it lucky to lose your life?"

"You haven't shot me yet."

"Por Dios! I could do it in two seconds. But shooting is too easy and swift for one who caused the death of el capitan. The boys wish to take a hand in your exit, senor, and I should not like to disappoint them. Instead of shooting you, I will turn you over to them and they will string you up to the nearest tree as an evidence that our band is not yet out of business."

He made a sign over his head and five men came up and followed him into the room.

"There's your victim," he said to his followers. "Secure him and tie the other two to chairs. We don't want them."

The work was performed in a twinkling and Phil was dragged outside to meet his fate at the end of a rope thrown over a tree limb.

"Gracious!" cried Joe, when they were left alone. "Just think, they are going to hang Phil, and we are tied here unable to move a finger to save him."

"And he said he was the luckiest boy in the world," said Tom.

"It looks like it, don't——"

Crash! The chair gave way under him and he went to the floor. A struggle and he got up with the rope hanging loosely to his arms.

"I'm free!" he cried, shaking off the strands and springing to the door.

"Cut me loose, Joe, quick!" cried Tom. "Then we'll give those ruffians a volley from our rifles and maybe we'll save Phil."

"They've got the rope around his neck and one of them is climbing the tree with the other end. We've just got time to get busy," said Joe.

He whipped out his pocket knife and freed Tom. They seized their rifles and went to the door just as the climber threw the slack end of the rope over the limb. Two of the rascals stepped forward to grasp it.

"Take the chap on the left and I'll aim at the other," said Joe.

A moment later their two rifles spoke and the two men staggered and fell to the earth. The shooting was so unexpected that it threw the other four into some confusion and drew their attention to the door of the shack. Phil, who had given up hope of life, took instant advantage of the situation. He was bound so he could not use his hands, but as the end of the fatal rope hung loose he sprang into the bushes, dragging it after him.

"After him!" roared Garcia, drawing his revolver and firing at the door.

The ball passed between Joe and Tom just as the boys raised their rifles and fired at the two who started after Phil. Their aim, though hasty, was true again, and both rascals fell, shot in their legs. That left only Garcia and one man unhurt. With an imprecation, the robber lieutenant sprang for his horse and the other did likewise and dashed down the road through the deserted street.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Fight in the Dark.

Joe and Tom rushed out of the shack and shouted for Phil. In a few moments the young gold king emerged from the bushes, dragging the halter after him.

"Hurrah! You've been saved!" cried Joe.

"Yes. And I owe my life to you fellows. I shan't forget it, you may depend. I don't see how you did it. The rascals left you tied to your chairs."

"We managed it through a lucky accident," said Joe. "The chair on which I sat gave way under me and went to pieces. That freed me of the rope. I then cut Tom loose; we grabbed our rifles, and there you are."

"I'm mighty glad you fellows had the nerve to tackle the bunch. As it was, I had a narrow squeeze of it. If the Mexican had got half a chance at me with his gun he would have cooked my goose."

They looked the four fallen robbers over. One was dead, another badly wounded and the other two had crawled into the bushes and were out of sight. Had it not been for the failing light they might have opened on the boys with their revolvers, but under the circumstances they regarded it as too great a risk. Phil at first was for following and trying to overtake them, but concluded that it wouldn't pay to take the risk, so they took charge of the four horses left behind and turned them into the corral. Locking up the shack, the boys set out for Mr. Falkner's mine. Before they had covered half the distance they heard pistol shots over there and the sound convinced them that fresh trouble had broken out at the mine.

"Come, fellows, we must hurry," said Phil.

As they drew near the scene of action they slowed up and approached with caution. They supposed the shots were fired by the few men on whom Mr. Falkner placed dependence, as the new miners were not believed to be armed. They presently saw that an attack was being made on the mine owner's house by quite a bunch of men, from whose ranks came an occasional pistol shot. That showed that some of the attacking party had got hold of several weapons. Phil soon made the disquieting discovery that the Mexican and his one pal had joined the attacking force, and that Garcia appeared to be in charge of operations.

The boys felt that the situation wore a very ugly look. Phil saw that two or three of the rascals had been wounded by shots fired from the house, which showed that the mine owner had mustered his force there and left his other property to take care of itself. A part of the newcomers had rifled the smelter of the gold that was already in shape to be sent to Gold Hill, and

the bunch would have made off without bothering with anything else but for Garcia's determination to secure and marry the girl he had missed before. This led to the attack on Mr. Falkner's house now under way. The first assault having failed, the Mexican urged his followers to make a second one. Making a diversion in front to hold the attention of the defenders, the Mexican and two others sneaked up to the rear in the darkness with armfuls of straw and light wood, which they placed against the back door and then ignited. As the flames sprang up and caught on the house the rascals possessing weapons opened fire on the windows, and the others threw stones at the windows in front, protecting themselves behind barrows and other articles they had brought up for that purpose.

With the fire gaining headway every moment the position of the defenders was becoming more and more precarious. The three boys, hovering around, unnoticed, on the flank of the attacking party, saw that they would have to act at all risk to themselves. The flames lighted up the scene partially and enabled them to see more than half of the enemy quite distinctly. That offered them the chance to shoot with effect.

"Are you ready, fellows?" said Phil.

"We are," said Joe.

"Then open fire. We can't keep together, for we are almost sure to be chased. We've got to do the best we can singly."

With those words Phil began the fusillade with a shot at Garcia, but missed him. Joe and Tom followed suit at other moving objects. The attacking party were taken by surprise, and some confusion took place in their ranks. The boys blazed away as fast as they could reload, and several of the ruffians fell, more or less badly wounded. Garcia rallied his force and started some of them against the boys. The lads separated and continued firing from different points.

The Mexican, seeing that the back door was burned through, gathered half a dozen of his men and led a desperate assault against it. The door went down and they rushed into the house. A succession of shots were fired inside the building, and then Garcia emerged with the shrieking Madge in his arms. Giving orders to his party to seek safety in flight, he mounted his horse with the girl and started for the mountains. But his way was blocked by Phil. The boy brought his horse down with a shot and then leaped at the Mexican. The scoundrel drew his revolver and fired at the boy. The struggles of Madge upset his aim and he missed; before he could repeat the shot Phil fired at him point-blank, putting him out of business. Phil tore Madge from him and started to retreat, but found himself partly surrounded by several of the retreating rascals. He had no time to reload his rifle, and he made a desperate effort to escape from their clutches. But they closed in on him and he had to use his gun as a club to hold them from grasping him and Madge. At that thrilling moment there came a rush of horsemen on the scene. The messenger sent to Gold Hill had returned with a number of armed officers. The rascals scattered, but half of them were either shot or captured. In a few minutes the fight was over, and then Joe and Tom came up and joined the victors. Phil led Madge back to the house, where the fire had been ex-

tinguished, and her father was found, stunned, on the floor of the living-room, where he had been beaten down by the Mexican. The Chinaman lay dead in a corner, and all the other defenders were mort or less hurt.

With lanterns and torches the officers surveyed the field of battle, and six dead men were counted. The wounded amounted to five, and the unhurt prisoners to two. Prominent among the former was Garcia, whose sands of life were fast running out, for he could not possibly recover. It was just as well, for he would have been hanged anyway. The officers remained till morning, when the dead were buried and the wounded, including Garcia, carried off to Gold Hill. The rascal died soon after reaching the town.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

Mr. Falkner was very grateful to Phil for rescuing his daughter a second time from the Mexican, but not more grateful than was Madge herself, who declared that Phil was the best boy in all the world. Joe and Tom came in for their share of commendation, too. When Phil told Madge and her father about his narrow escape at the hands of Garcia and his party, the girl turned white at the peril he had barely missed, while the mine owner declared that he was a lucky boy.

"I owe my escape to Joe and Tom, and I'm going to repay them liberally for their services," said Phil. "My good fortune has made me the owner of the greatest gold mine in the world, and you'll say so, Mr. Falkner, when you see it."

"Then you've struck a vein of gold quartz on your claim?" said the mine owner.

"A vein! I've struck a whole cave full of gold quartz."

When things had been put to rights, breakfast cooked and eaten, and the wounded of their own party had reported themselves in a fair way of immediate recovery, Phil, accompanied by Mr. Falkner, Madge, Joe and Tom, went across to his claim and entered the old tunnel that led to the mine. To say that the mine owner was astonished at the sight he saw would but partially express his feelings.

"Whether it's the greatest mine in the world, as you call it, I cannot say, but it certainly is the most remarkable," he said.

"There's a dozen bags of quartz, yonder, ready to go over to your smelter any time you're ready to take it, and you can charge me the regular price for the work," said Phil.

"It had better be brought over right away while my plant is comparatively idle."

"My idea is to get Joe and Tom to come over here and help me out at the start. I intend to give each of them a small share in the mine as an evidence of my gratitude to them for saving my life," said Phil.

Joe and Tom were delighted at the idea of going in with Phil, and asked Mr. Falkner if he had any objection to it.

"Not at all, but I'd rather you wouldn't leave

me until I get my mine going in good shape again," said that gentleman.

The two boys agreed to stay with him until things got in shape at his mine.

"After you send this first lot of quartz over to my smelter," said the mining man, "I advise you to use the money in making the excavations on your new claim before you go on working your mine. Then you will perfect your title. I would also suggest that you stake out an additional claim to the south to cover a possible divergence of the quartz lode in that direction, and you might also take up another next to your new one, for in time you might find it highly profitable to push a tunnel some distance into the mountain. It would also be well for you to hunt up the owners of the two claims on the east."

"I have one more surprise for you. I want to show you the big nugget that first called my attention to the fact that there was gold here," said Phil.

He went to a hole in the wall of rock and produced the big lump of practically pure gold and showed it to Mr. Falkner and the others.

"My gracious! that's a corker!" ejaculated the mining man. "You will have to put that on exhibition in Gold Hill. Or you can sell it outright and let the purchaser exhibit it."

"How much do you think it's worth?" asked Phil.

"Between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars. You have a fine working capital in that nugget alone. If you brought that to Gold Hill to-day and put it in a store window on the main street, with a card stating where it was found, there would soon be a rush to Red Gulch that would build the place up."

Mr. Falkner saw all the possibilities that the display of that big nugget would bring about, and he determined to take advantage of it himself, too. He told Phil to keep it under cover until he had secured his additional claims and to perfect his ownership of them. A number of miners came over that day and went to work for Mr. Falkner.

That gentleman put in his time looking up the owners of sundry claims between his property and Phil's, for it was arranged between them that no stranger should get in there on that side of the road. Eventually, Mr. Falkner's interest would go to his daughter, and as Madge and Phil were already greatly interested in each other, it looked as if the two mines would some day come under one management. It was an easy matter to purchase title from the present owners under existing circumstances, for Coyote Creek had entirely disorganized Red Gulch. Jake Stahl pulled his concert hall down and transported it to the Creek, where it was soon in full blast again, and O'Reilly did the same with his saloon. The general store man would have done the same only that he couldn't move the post-office without authority, so all mail for the Creek came to the Gulch, and the miners had to ride over to get it. As the only bar left in Red Gulch was Phil's shack, custom came to him as a matter of course, and he had to hire an assistant to attend to it. So matters passed during the winter. The paying claims at the Creek having been all taken up, the overflow of fresh miners in the spring fell back on Red Gulch, and that camp got lively once more.

Mr. Falkner got all the help he wanted now, and Phil, having secured his new claims, set men at work making the necessary excavations on the new ones. He, Joe and Tom worked the mine on the quiet, and when they had a dozen bags of quartz ready they carried it over to the smelter after dark and the proceeds found its way to Gold Hill and was turned into money. Regular mining men with capital began drifting to both the Gulch and the Creek, and operations were started in the way of sinking shafts and boring tunnels. Everything being ready with Phil, he started for Gold Hill one morning, accompanied by Joe and Tom as guard, with the big nugget.

When this was shown at the assay office it caused great interest and excitement. Phil sold it for 18,000, and it was at once put in the window with an explanatory card. The news of the big nugget was printed in the paper and circulated all over that part of the State, and soon found its way to San Francisco and the rest of the Coast. Of course, the anticipated rush to Red Gulch followed, and from a score of buildings the place ere long expanded into a small, bustling town. Mr. Falkner and Phil owned all the ground on the south side of the road from mountainside to mountainside, across the canyon. The former put up buildings and rented them at a good price.

Phil, with Joe and Tom for his chief assistants, put a gang of miners at work in his mine and began to make money hand over fist. His receipts were double what Mr. Falkner made with twice the force. That gentleman increased the capacity of his smelter to accommodate all hands in the Gulch, and he made a good profit out of it. In the meantime the robbers who had been able to stand trial for their many offences were convicted and hanged in Gold Hill. It was during this trial that the real identity of the leader of the band, known only as Jake Cole, gambler, came out. He proved to be a man once in Mr. Falkner's employ in San Francisco. He had been discharged for persistently annoying Madge with his attentions. Then he disappeared and neither the Falkners nor his associates learned what became of him until the trial disclosed his subsequent history.

On the night he was shot he had intended to visit Mr. Falkner and demand the hand of his daughter. As he expected to be refused, he intended to abduct Madge as soon as she got to the Gulch. These facts, however, never came to light. As time passed the richness of Phil's mine secured him the nickname of the "Boy Gold King" and as such he was generally referred to.

He rapidly grew rich, and his two friends also became well off, as Red Gulch rose into importance as a mining town. At last one day there was a great wedding at the first church which was put up there, and very little work was done in the Gulch that day. It was generally regarded as a holiday, for it marked the marriage of Madge Falkner to the Boy Gold King, the owner of "the greatest mine in the world."

Next week's issue will contain "A YOUNG BROKER'S MONEY; or, TRAPPING THE SHARPERS OF WALL STREET."

CURRENT NEWS

WHALE WITH LEGS.

The first whale with hind legs has been caught in British Columbia. This was described at a recent lecture held at the American Museum of Natural History. The legs project some four feet from the body near the tail, and are about six inches broad, the bones being covered with a thick layer of blubber which may or may not have contained muscle. The whale, a female fifty feet in length, was unfortunately not preserved at the Victoria's whaling station, where it was brought in, and one of the legs was broken off by those making the capture.

FORGETFUL SQUIRRELS.

A tame squirrel, kept as a house pet and allowed liberty from its cage, will if supplied with nuts bury them in the most curious places. It will hide them in people's pockets or even inside their collars.

It is evident that, in a state of nature, squirrels are not able to keep track of many of the nuts they bury in odd spots. Thanks to this fact, they are quite useful in helping to seed burned or logged areas in some parts of the country.

This fact has been particularly noted in Oregon and Washington, where chipmunks are giving important assistance in the business of re-establishing forests of the Douglas fir. They collect the seeds from the fir cones and many of those they bury and forget produce young trees. Mice do much good work of the same kind.

SAVINGS BANK HAS SHOOTING GALLERY.

Not only the men attached to the staff of the Brooklyn Savings Bank but the women, too, are being taught to handle revolvers for emergency.

To stimulate interest in target practice Crowell Hadden, president of the bank, has offered a silver cup as a prize in monthly competition. That marksman, man or woman, who wins three monthly competitions will keep the cup permanently.

Miss Helen M. Breden, chief stenographer, has developed into one of the most expert marksmen. She has one monthly prize to her credit.

The rifle range is in the basement of the bank. Its value was decided upon after Gordon Fawcett Hamby and his fugitive pal robbed the East Brooklyn Savings Bank with such fatal results in December, 1918.

BOY SMOTHERED IN SAND.

Six-year-old George Schuka, of Gary, Ind., was killed by two young negroes, who suffocated him in a sand pile near the store of his father, John Schuka, at Gary.

The body was found by the parents and friends who had joined in a search. It was buried beneath several feet of sand at the bottom of the pit. The negroes had fled.

According to evidence patched together by the

police, the negroes accosted the boy, who was playing in the sand pit, and said:

"Run over to your father's store and bring us back some cookies and candy."

George left the sand castle he was building and went over to the store.

"Please give me some cookies and candy, father," he said.

"What do you want so many for?" the father asked as his son insisted on a large bag full.

"I've got some friends over in the sand pit, and they want some, too," the small boy answered.

The father wrapped up a large bag of dainties and gave them to his son. When the boy returned one of the negroes is believed to have tossed a cookie into the bottom of the sand pit. The boy ran to the brink and looked down. It is supposed one of the negroes shoved George into the pit and kicked the edge so that sand rained down on the small figure in the hole.

The father became alarmed at the absence of his son and enlisted the aid of several patrons in finding him. They soon dug his body from the sand pit.

In a tiny fist George clutched the cookie—the lure to his death.

REPRODUCTION OF CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT TO BE STAGED.

Preliminary to unveiling the Custer monument, now under construction in the city park at Hardin, Mont., an exact reproduction of the massacre on the little Big Horn will be staged on the site of the historic battle on June 25, it is announced by the Custer Battle Anniversary Association, of Hardin. Approximately 500 Crow and Cheyenne Indians, representing the Sioux, will take part in the mimic battle against members of the American Legion and troops of cavalry, representing Custer's handfull.

Permission has been obtained from the Federal government for use of the national cemetery for the spectacle and General Hugh L. Scott of the historic 7th cavalry has announced he will attend, as probably will Mrs. Custer. The War Department also has offered to cooperate in every way possible.

Following the "battle" there will be a basket dinner at Government Park, Crow agency, and afterward, spectators, troops and Indians will go to Hardin where the Custer monument will be unveiled with proper ceremonies.

Various addresses, a band concert, a men's chorus, with the Indians arrayed on one side and the American Legion men and cavalry troops on the other, will include a part of the ceremonial. An Indian powwow and a street dance at night completes the day's program.

People from every part of the state, as well as many without its borders, are expected to attend in view of the historic nature of the celebration, marking the anniversary of one of the most famous events in the west.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Grove street?" cried Jimmy Mack. "You don't mean from number thirty-five, do you?"

"Yes."

"Why, I had that job."

The others stared at him in surprise, and a man who had drawn near while the conversation was going on edged his way nearer, partly secret-ing himself behind the figure of a wooden Indian standing in front of a cigar store.

"Yes, I had that call," said Jimmy Mack. "I was standing right here when two men came up to me and one of them asked me if my name was Mack, and I said it was. Then he said that a young lady had been making a call in Grove street and had gone suddenly insane, and they wanted to take her to her home. I named my price for the job and they took me up."

"And do you remember where you took her?" asked Lew anxiously.

"Sure I do. Say, I guess I understand what has happened; those fellows probably didn't know that I had a twin brother, or, rather, that Andy did, and they thought I was Andy."

"That's the explanation without doubt," assented Lew. "Now, the proper move for us is to go at once to the police and let them know this, for it is impossible to tell how many men we may have to deal with, and we may need police aid to rescue the girl, and then—"

"There's one of the men that hired me," suddenly broke in Jimmy Mack, pointing to a man who was concealed behind the wooden Indian, and as he uttered the words the man turned short around and dashed away.

"After him, Eddie," yelled Lew, and he and the office boy started after the man at their best speed, but the fellow turned a corner near at hand and disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him.

Lew and Eddie searched around for a few minutes, but could see no sign of the fugitive.

"We can't afford to lose time this way," said Lew, and ran back to the hackman. There the three held a hasty consultation.

"That man may be able to communicate with the others," said Lew, "so we cannot take the time to go to the police. If that man tells what he heard while we were talking, the girl will be removed to some other place, and we shall lose all track of her."

"I'll notify the police," said Eddie.

"All right," said Lew, "and I'll drive off with Jimmy."

The hackman gave Eddie the address to which

he had taken the girl, and away sped the office boy to warn the police, while Lew jumped into the hack and was rapidly driven away.

Jimmy Mack drove fast, and when about a half mile had been covered he drew up in front of a small house in a side street. Lew jumped from the hack to the ground, just in time to see a man entering the gate that led into the front yard of the residence.

By the light of a street lamp near at hand the young lawyer recognized the man as the one who had been listening to the conversation held by him and Eddie with the hackman, and the idea at once came into his head that if the man got into the house he might be able to warn the inmates of what had occurred and it might result in the hasty removal of the girl.

This must be prevented, Lew decided, and with a rush, he sped after the man as the latter ran for the front door. The latter heard the oncoming footsteps, looked over his shoulder and caught sight of Lew bearing down upon him, and he increased his speed.

The gate had closed behind the man after he entered the yard, and Lew did not waste the time necessary to open it, but cleared it like a hunter, landed on his feet, and bore down on the man like a cyclone.

When about six feet from him Lew leaped upward and forward, and when he came down he was on the man's shoulders.

Down he went with a crash to the ground, and at once began to struggle to release himself, but Lew caught him by the hair, his hat having fallen off.

At that instant the window of a room on the top floor of the house was thrown up, and the face of a woman appeared in the light afforded by the lamps in the street. For one brief instant she looked down upon the forms below her, swept the surrounding scene with her eyes, and then disappeared.

Just as she disappeared from view the hackman came running up to the spot where Lew sat astride his dazed enemy.

"Got a rope, Jimmy?" asked Lew.

"Yes, always carry one to tie up breaks."

"Then bring some here and we'll tie this fellow up before we tackle the inside of that house."

Jimmy Mack ran to his hack and returned with some pieces of rope in his hands, and he and Lew proceeded to tie the prisoner securely. When this was done the young lawyer glanced around him for a moment.

"We may want this man later," he said, "and we have nobody to guard him, so we must leave him somewhere when we tackle the house."

"Throw him under the front steps," suggested the hackman.

Lew acted on the idea at once, and without any ceremony tossed the fellow under the high stoop of the house.

"Come along, Jimmy," he said, and ran up the steps that led to the front door of the house. "We must take our chances alone, and break our way in unless the people inside answer the bell."

He seized the knob, and pulled the bell vigorously, and a jingling peal at once rang through the house.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

PAYS \$25 FOR KILLING ROBBIN.

For shooting and killing a robbin in his strawberry patch, Fred Glauser, New Philadelphia, O., seventy-five years of age, formerly President of the Council, was fined \$25 and costs by Justice of the Peace John Stevenson. Robbins had been devouring his strawberries, said Mr. Glauser, who is an ice-cream manufacturer.

SAILOR DUMPS 100 QUARTS OF GIN OVERBOARD.

Fish in the Delaware River off Chester, Pa., according to those who have cause them, have a gin rickey flavor. No one is really to blame for this condition but a seaman who secretly consigned to the Delaware 100 quarts of real gin. The vessel on which the contraband was kept was a visitor to the port, and the sailor received a tip that his movements were being watched by a Government inspector.

According to one fisherman the shad got so good natured the day the gin was dropped that several of them tried to jump into his basket at once. Very few of the fish could swim a straight line, this sportsman testified, but zigzagged around until they found a fisherman's boat, when they would jump into it unanimously.

NEW USE FOR THE TELEPHONE.

Fish when they swim make a noise, and this can be detected by the telephone, according to the following:

Most of us have watched with interest the movements of shoals of fish beneath the surface of the sea or of a lake, but few will have associated with those movements the idea of noise. Nevertheless, such movements do make a noise, and Norwegian fishermen, it is said, have taken advantage of that fact to devise an arrangement to assist them in detecting and locating fish at considerable depths. They lower a microphone by means of a wire from their boat into the water, the other end of the wire being connected with a telephone receiver on the boat. As the latter slowly proceeds on her course in search of a haul, an operator keeps the receiver of the telephone to his ear and he can tell instantly when a shoal of fish is being approached.

LILLIPUT NATIONS OF EUROPE.

What is the smallest country in the world?

Monaco, with its eight square miles of territory, perched 300 feet above the Mediterranean in the heart of the Riviera, is the smallest principality. It is the best known and most visited, for it contains the world-noted Monte Carlo.

The little country has a checkered and interesting history. Its beginning dates to the days of Hercules, almost 2,000 years before the birth of Christ.

Monaco has a close second in smallness, and a rival in the claim of age, in the independent republic of San Marino, which is the smallest republic in the world. Surrounded by Italy, which respects its independence, this republic rears its thirty-eight square miles of territory to a point

2,500 feet above sea level. Its founder, San Marino, came from Arbe in the Fourth Century to aid the oppressed Christians and build the stone walls of the city of Rimini. Born of his desire for peace, solitude and simplicity of living, these qualities have been reflected in its history. The venerable saint taught his people that war should be resorted to only for self-defense.

A lilliput republic under the joint suzerainty of France and the Spanish Bishop of Urgel is Andorra. Its 191 square miles of valley almost 10,000 feet above the level of the sea are tucked away in the heart of the Pyrenees Mountains. It is governed by a council of 24 members elected by the heads of families in its six parishes.

It is said that this little portion of Spain which is set down in the midst of French territory winks an eye at smuggling. In fact, it is claimed that during the recent war its chief occupation was getting things across the border into France without duty. The inhabitants discussed the practice as freely as they would the weather. But when it is advisable for an Andorran to keep his own counsel he can do it, for a proverb in the Pyrenees is, "Tell a thing to an Andorran and it is lost."—*National Geographic Society Bulletin.*

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Juggling The Redskins.

BY D. W. STEVENS.

A few years ago a family named Moore moved from Ohio to the then Territory of Colorado. The country was wild, and the Indians, either in tribes or small bands, not unfrequently gave the settlers trouble. Mr. Moore was one of those hardy, brave men that seem born to settle the wilderness, and make it blossom like the rose.

His family consisted of a wife, as brave as himself and willing to share his toils and hardships with him, and two children. The oldest was a lad named Laurence, commonly called "Larry," about fourteen years of age; the second was a girl named Ellen, just eleven years and six days old when the event we are about to relate transpired.

Mr. Moore had settled in a fertile valley, about twenty miles from Denver, and had constructed a small but very strong house of stone. The Indians being hostile, the house was erected with as much view, if not more, to safety from attack, as to comfort.

The windows were small, crossed with solid bars of iron, and the glass inside. The door was double, heavy oak, and when bolted and barred from within, would require almost a battering ram to force it open. It was low, and just over it was a square window secured by bars of iron. The window was about fifteen inches square, and the bars of iron could be removed on the inside by pressing a spring, but could not be forced from without.

It was well Mark Moore had made his wilderness home so secure. He was forced on many occasions to be away, and his family was then alone without a protector.

The outbuildings were within rifle shot of the house, and could be protected in case of siege by those within. A few tall, grand old oaks grew about the door, but for some distance down the valley, and even up the hillside, the open fields made the country barren of timber.

One spring morning Mr. Moore informed his family that he would be compelled to go to Denver to lay in a supply of provisions for the family during the tilling and planting season.

He told his family to be very cautious, and watch the valley and mountain sides for Indians. There had been no recent outbreak, but in those days the savages were liable to wander about in small parties, bent on mischief, and one of these bands might come on the ranch at any moment.

He then mounted his wagon and drove away toward the town. Mrs. Moore, assisted by her two children, attended to releasing the stock, that had been put in high pens called corrals in the West, and letting them out to water and graze.

Larry took upon himself the responsible position of outpost and scout. He and his little sister frolicked with the two large Newfoundland dogs beneath the trees in front of the house.

It was nearly noon when Ellen, by the merest chance glanced down the valley and saw coming stealthily up the path no less than a dozen In-

dians. They were armed with bows, arrows and guns.

"Look, look, Larry!" she cried, frightened and excited at their sudden appearance.

At this moment the dogs set up a furious barking, running down at them, and the mother, half dead with terror, called to the children to fly for their lives.

It had evidently been the design of the redmen to approach the children unobserved, and make them prisoners. But Larry seizing his sister's hand, they set out for the house as fast as they could run.

With a whoop the savages started in pursuit, but the two dogs made such a furious attack on them that they were compelled to give this enemy a moment's attention. It was but a moment.

Bang, bang! went two guns, and one faithful animal lay silently struggling in death, and the other hobbled away shot in the shoulder.

An arrow whistled through the air over the children's heads, and struck the stone wall of the house near where the mother stood. This only tended to accelerate the speed of the children, if such a thing was possible.

The door was reached, and Larry and his sister drawn in by the screaming mother, while the savages were yet a hundred yards away.

They never stopped their headlong pursuit until the plumed warriors actually hurled themselves against the strongly bolted and barred door.

"Oh! Heaven preserve us!" cried the mother, as she sank upon her knees on the floor of the cabin.

The angry yells of the Indians, and the rapid blows from their tomahawks, were enough to make the stoutest tremble.

"Courage, mother!" cried Larry, "they cannot get in."

"Oh, my children! my children!" cried the mother, "it will not be long until the demons will batter the door down, or a hole in the wall, and we shall then be at their mercy."

"Mother, this is not so easy done," said Larry, "and while they are cutting away at the door we can manage to do them some harm."

"Oh, no! come here; we shall be killed—we shall be killed!" cried the almost distracted mother.

"What is the use, mother, of staying there huddled up together until they cut a hole in the door?" replied the brave boy. "We will not die any sooner by trying to prevent them getting at us."

"Oh, don't let them come in—don't let them come in!" cried the little girl, clinging blindly to her mother.

Larry, who regarded such terror as folly, felt now that the responsibility of the entire defense rested on himself. In a moment the boy seemed a man. The exigency of the moment seemed to give him the experience and cunning of years.

He began to immediately look for some means of defense. His eyes naturally wandered to the rack that held his father's rifle. The gun was gone, and he remembered that his father had taken it with him.

There was only a large horse pistol in the room, and he could find no caps for that. The

brave boy did not despair, and the thundering blows and deafening yells of the Indians, and shrieks of his mother and sister, did not a moment deter him.

In his search for a weapon he found a hard stone jug that his father had brought with him from Ohio. A brilliant idea flashed in the boy's mind. He opened a chest and took therefrom two or three pounds of blasting powder that some miners had left a few days before. He also cut off a piece of fuse, used in blasting.

The jug he filled with buckshot, bullets, slugs of lead, and in the centre, as near as he could, poured the powder. When it was full up to the throat, he perforated a cork, running the fuse through it, and drove the cork in tight. One end of the fuse was out and the other reached down into the powder.

During all this time the boy worked at his dangerous invention the savages kept hacking and pounding at the door, sending forth the most blood-curdling yells.

When Larry's improvised hand-grenade was completed, he drew the table up before the door, under the window. Then with the jug in hand, he climbed on the table.

He let down the iron bars quietly, and with a match lighted the fuse. He raised the jug in his hands, which, owing to the weight of the lead and bullets, required nearly all his strength.

He held the jug aloft until the fuse had fizzed and burnt into the cork, when he hurled it with all his force through the narrow aperture into the very midst of the eager redskins in front of the door.

Three seconds later—just as the jug had time to touch the ground—a terrific explosion shook the earth. Larry was knocked by the jar from the table, his mother and sister thrown prostrate on the floor, and the furniture danced about as though an earthquake had shook the house.

For a moment after the explosion, silence prevailed without. It was then broken by groans, shrieks and howls of dismay. The yells seemed to recede, and the attack on the door ceased.

Climbing to the table, Larry peered through the dense smoke, and saw Indians running, hobbling and crawling in every direction. Two lay on the ground, one evidently dead, the other dying, while the others were going away as fast as they could, leaving even their arms behind them. It was ascertained that not a single one of the party escaped an injury from the explosion of the stone jug.

Larry gradually got his mother quieted down, but she would not permit the door to be opened until his father returned late in the evening. The astonishment of the parent can be better imagined than described at finding two mangled warriors lying at his door. His astonishment was still greater when he learned how his son's wonderful ingenuity had saved the massacre of the family.

MUSHROOM TESTS FAIL.

Mushrooms and some other fungus growths are highly prized as articles of food by many persons. The nutritive value of mushrooms is low, but they may be prepared in various ways

which render them delicious. More persons doubtless would seek wild mushrooms and other fungi if they were sufficiently informed to distinguish between the edible and the deadly poisonous growths. Some very erratic and dangerous ideas concerning ways of telling the edible from the poisonous growths are altogether too commonly believed, according to a bulletin of the Department of Agriculture.

Mushrooms are frequently thought of as edible and toadstools as poisonous. As a matter of fact the bulletin says, the words "mushroom" and "toadstool" are used indiscriminately and do not indicate whether the plants are edible or poisonous.

A test for poisonous mushrooms often recommended is based on the belief that if a silver coin placed in the utensil in which mushrooms are cooked tarnishes, the mushrooms are poisonous. Absolutely no reliance can be placed on this test, according to the department, as both poisonous and edible kinds may turn silver dark. "Equally baseless is the belief that a mushroom is shown to be edible," continues the bulletin, "if the skin can be peeled from the cap readily, because peeling is possible with many poisonous species."

"The notion that soaking or boiling poisonous mushrooms in salt water will render them harmless has no foundation in fact. Some persons have thought that the presence of insects on mushrooms is proof of their edibility. This is a dangerous supposition, because insects infest the most poisonous as well as the best edible species or fungi."

"The collector of mushrooms cannot depend upon any simple test. If he intends to use them for food he must know what he is gathering. It is a comparatively small matter to learn to recognize a few kinds of deadly mushrooms and certain edible ones. If he will gather only the kinds that are well known to him, a careful collector may not be afraid to gather wild fungi for food. He should not be misled by attractive colors or pleasant odors."

13,000 CENSUS TAKERS TO BEGIN WORK IN CANADA.

Thirteen thousand enumerators will be employed to take the national census which will begin June 1. With the aid of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in remote districts, they will be expected to get the name of every man, woman and child in Canada's 3,729,665 square miles. This is an area larger than the United States, including Alaska, and is one-sixth of the land surface of the globe.

Gathering of the data will require from four to six weeks, while the exact population will be known in five or six months. It is estimated at 9,000,000. The cost of the work will be \$1,750,000.

Much information, aside from population figures, will be gathered. Questions will concern not only such individual matters as age, sex, race, occupation and earning capacity, but details of agriculture, finance and industry.

The population of the Dominion at the census of 1871 was 3,689,257, and at the 1911 census was 7,206,643.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

CARRY OFF SAFE.

A safe weighing 600 pounds was carried from the Fred Hammer meat market, on Main street, Bridgeport, Ohio, into a field some distance away and blown open. The robbers obtained \$372, but did not take a number of old coins Hammer had kept in the safe.

Hammer lived above the store, but did not hear the robbers at work, nor did residents nearby hear the explosion when the safe was blown open.

SELLS HIS LIFE SAVINGS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Abraham Cohn, a grocer, of St. Louis, Mo., sold to W. H. Cole for 25 cents his life savings, which amounted to more than \$500.

Cohn had been placing his savings into a can of tea for safe keeping and put the can with the remainder of the stock in the case.

In the morning rush Cohn picked up by mistake the can in which he had his savings and sold it to Cole. The money was returned.

NEVER MISSED A MEAL.

This section boasts of one man that is no patron of either the doctors or the druggists, he being no other than Uncle Elijah Jarrett, an ex-Confederate soldier, who resides about four miles from Johnson City, Tenn.

Mr. Jarrett, although in his ninetieth year, walks to town and transacts business. He states during all his eighty-nine years that he has not paid over \$5 for medicines and doctors' bills.

He was wounded in the battle of Missionary Ridge, which left him a cripple in his left leg, but by no means disabled. He was born and reared in Lincoln County, North Carolina, but has lived in Tennessee the past twelve years. Commenting upon his vitality he stated: "I haven't taken any medicine in forty years, and haven't missed a meal in nearly ninety years on account of sickness."

FINDS OUT WHAT BECOMES OF PINS.

What becomes of the pins and needles which is almost as perplexing as that other riddle of the universe that has to do with the age of a young

woman named Ann, has been at least partly solved by Mr. Younghusband. It hadn't worried him particularly, and he therefore made the great discovery purely by accident. He saw Mrs. Younghusband putting something down the little hole around the pipe that leads to the radiator in their apartment and demanded an explanation.

"I'm just getting rid of some rusty and bent pins," his wife replied.

"Where did you ever get that idea?" he demanded.

"From my mother," Mrs. Younghusband replied. "Always she hunted a hole in the floor as the best depository for pins and needles that had outlived their usefulness, and I'm merely following in her footsteps."

"You know mother lived in the country and the children all went in their bare feet in summer, so I suppose she was thinking of the danger to little bare feet from pins thrown out in the yard. Naturally I do the same thing in the city. I suppose my mother learned it from her mother, and I wouldn't be surprised if all the women in the world did the same sort of thing. You have to get rid of them somehow, and the hole in the floor is the safest plan I ever heard of."

LAUGHS

Knicker—Has he got wheels in his head?
Bocker—Yes, and an extra tire.

He—I would like to look at a flat, my dear.
She—Why don't you? There's the looking-glass in front of you.

"Do you find any trouble writing stories, Dawrly?" "None whatever. But I'd pay a man well that could sell them for me."

"Papa, what is the difference between the quick and the dead?" "The quick, my child, are those who hop out of the road in time."

Freddie—Say, dad, what's morbid curiosity?
Cobwigger—That's what the fellow has who butts in ahead of you and keeps you from anything.

Mistress—Say, Mary, how is it there's so much dust under the bed?
Servant—Shure, mum, that's where I always sweep it.

"Is your husband a good man?" "Yes; he's a good man. I can't complain. But he always sneaks out the back way whenever the minister calls."

"Say, are you going away for a rest?" "No, to escape arrest." "Your answer is about as clear as mud." "Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

New York Uncle—Come over here, Tommy, and I'll show you my new knife. It has six blades and a corkscrew. Kentucky Boy—what are the blades for?

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

TOOK CUBS HOME.

Mrs. John Burns, of Idlewild, Elk County, Pa., captured two cub bears near her home after an exciting experience. She was walking along the road near the Clarion River when she heard the cubs crying in the brush.

Mrs. Burns looked for the old bear, and when she did not see her the help of George McDonald of Croyland was procured and the two succeeded in catching two of the cubs.

Taking the cubs home in their arms, Mrs. Burns saw what she thought was the mother bear leaving the opposite side of the river. The bear had probably crossed the river expecting the cubs to follow, but the little fellows were too small for such a hazardous trip. The cubs were crated and shipped to Punxsutawney, where they will probably be nurtured and when big enough given their freedom in the woods of Jefferson County.

OCCUPATION WALKING.

When a man has covered 35,000 miles over the face of Mother Earth, he doesn't mind the little jaunt from Jacksonville, Fla., to Seattle, Wash. At least George R. Russell does not.

Russell arrived in Minneapolis recently over the Yellowstone trail from Buffalo, N. Y. He left Jacksonville April 16. He wanted it made clear, however, that during his 35,000 miles he has never boarded a train nor a trolley car. His method of locomotion is shaking a moccasin along the trail until a kind hearted motorist gives him a lift.

And when one can travel from Jacksonville to Minneapolis by way of Buffalo, N. Y., in eighteen days, one has demonstrated the method efficiently, he opined.

Russell said he was gathering material for a book. He expects to reach Seattle before June 1, and immediately thereafter will begin writing. He is resting a few days at the Y. M. C. A. in Minneapolis before plunging into the West.

FRUIT OF OLD TREES.

What is declared to be the largest English walnut tree in California is boasted of by Sonora, Cal. Measurements showed the tree to be seventy-nine feet tall, having a branch spread of eighty-nine feet, and nine feet from the ground it was found to be three and one-half feet in circumference. Its age is unknown to residents here, but the oldest inhabitant declares it to be as old as himself.

This is only one of a series of celebrated trees. On William Lewis's ranch is a cherry tree over fifty years old which is still producing well. An enormous Blenheim apricot tree on the D. W. Scofield place, aged over sixty years, still bears some fruit. On the Abbot ranch is an apple orchard past the century mark, which in 1919, according to the ranch owner, yielded approximately one ton to the tree.

A winesap, also over the sixty-year mark, produced 2,200 pounds of apples in the same year.

A Bartlett pear tree, half a century old, bore nearly a ton of good pears in 1919. To cap the senile producers, one vineyardist declared he has some sixty-year-old vineyards producing over ten tons to an acre.

FOX BREEDING EXPANDS.

Approximately 4,849 silver black foxes are being bred in captivity in the United States, according to reports to the Bureau of Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, from 215 fox ranches, representing a value in animals and equipment estimated at 54,279,830. All reports have not yet been received, and conservative estimates place the number of silver black foxes in this country at from 5,000 to 6,000. Some ranchmen estimate the number as high as 10,000.

Statistics on the fox ranching business being gathered by the bureau indicate that fox raising in the United States, especially in the northern tier of States, is rapidly becoming an important industry. The information sought has to do chiefly with the location and number of ranches, number of foxes and money invested.

Prince Edward Island, Canada, is regarded as the centre of the industry. Many foxes are now bred in captivity in a great number of States, including Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Colorado, California and in Alaska. It is probable that there are other States in which fox farming is carried on, as the records of the bureau are not yet complete.

Officials say it is very difficult to obtain authentic information, for the reason that some ranches decline to fill out the return the questionnaires sent them. Many ranchers, who volunteer information, reported in such a manner that it is sometimes very difficult to interpret. Then, too, in addition to raising silver black foxes, some ranchers keep red and cross foxes, skunks, martins and muskrats; the amount of money invested and reported, therefore, in such cases naturally covers the whole project, making it impossible to allot the correct amount for breeding silver black foxes. Some ranchers board foxes for other breeders, which also adds to the difficulty of obtaining correct information. These facts, it is said, should be borne in mind in determining the value of the following figures concerning silver black foxes. These figures are preliminary as the reports have not all been received. Approximate value of silver black foxes and the fur farm equipment reported is as follows: California, \$20,000; Colorado, \$10,200; Idaho, \$3,000; Iowa, \$2,000; Illinois, \$7,000; Maine, \$530,350; Massachusetts, \$758,700; Michigan, \$990,375; Minnesota, \$317,300; Montana, \$134,000; New Hampshire, \$54,500; New York, \$733,205; Ohio, \$112,700; Pennsylvania, \$61,500; Wisconsin, \$493,255; Vermont, \$49,255; Washington, \$2,600.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

THE COLISEUM LOSES ITS MOVIES.

A week or so ago we chronicled the fact that the Flavian amphitheater or Coliseum in Rome had been leased to a company of moving picture producers. There was so much opposition to the scheme from all over the world that the project has been abandoned. Italy may need money, for she has always been the Cinderella of Europe, but her antiquities and works of art are her big asset and anything which tends to hurt them will hurt her financially.

NEW STYLE PAPER HATS DEFY RAIN.

Paper hats, the latest fad from Paris, are rapidly becoming popular in New York for outing and sport wear. The paper, generally of a bright pink or purple, is braided to the shape of the head, although some of them are done up on regular hat frames.

To withstand the rain the paper is waxed, and the hats are trimmed with waxed flowers. Paper treated in this manner is said to be much more durable than the usual trimmings on women's headgear. Even if the hat should be soaked by an unexpected shower and ruined it may be replaced by a new one at small cost. Brooklyn high school girls are producing the new style hats in the classroom for their own wear at an average cost of 78 cents.

HONEST BOY FINDS \$10,000 TREASURE BAG.

The honesty of a small boy who found a heavy leather bag at the 125th street station of the Lexington avenue subway, New York, and carried it to the East 126th street police station preserved the life savings of David Tallmach, a retired merchant of 2949 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, the other morning.

On opening the bag the police found \$400 in gold coin, \$250 in silver currency, a pair of diamond earrings valued at \$1,500, several packages of Russian rubies, four mesh bags of gold and silver, a gold ring, a diamond bracelet, a lady's jeweled and enameled watch, and bank books showing deposits of several thousand dollars.

A short time later Tallmach called at the sta-

tion. He said the total value of the bag's contents was \$10,000.

THE ROOSEVELT COIN.

Two-Cent Piece Favored by Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

Sir: The members of the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association are glad to see that the Tribune is in favor of honoring the memory of Theodore Roosevelt by having a coin minted which will bear the likeness of that great American.

However, as Theodore Roosevelt believed in "practical ideals," the members of this association feel that a Roosevelt 2-cent coin meets these requirements better than a 2 1-2 cent coin.

In November, 1919, this association indorsed a bill authorizing the coinage of a Roosevelt 2-cent piece. This bill was introduced by Senator McLean; it then went to the House and only failed of passage owing to the great pressure of business at the end of the session.

Before recommending to Congress the reissue of this coin, the association made a careful investigation, which indicated that entirely aside from the idea of thus honoring the memory of Theodore Roosevelt there was a real need for the 2-cent piece.

First—With a 2-cent coin in circulation it is estimated that the number of pennies will be substantially decreased. Any housewife who does her own marketing and shopping knows that pennies clutter up the purse.

Second—In view of the fact that the majority of newspapers, including the Tribune, have raised their price from 1 to 2 cents, this proposed coin will become the prevailing newspaper coin.

Third—As long as the most popular and largely used postage stamp sells for 2 cents, there will be a need for one coin of this denomination.

For the above reasons the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association feels that a 2-cent coin will more worthily represent the Roosevelt idea than would a 2 1-2 cent coin.

ELIZABETH OGDEN WOOD,

Chairman Coinage Committee.

New York, May 5, 1921.

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The mysterious band of men which has caused great damage by cutting and otherwise damaging plate glass windows in London, causing a large financial loss, has intensified its campaign, which has spread to many places in England. The plate glass windows ruined in the London area alone now total more than 2,500.

SERVANT'S DREAM REALIZED

A servant in the kitchen of the Spanish Ambassador at Paris is going to have the fulfillment of her dream — she is going to see a performance at the Comedie Francaise, and in addition she has 500 francs cash to buy a new dress for the occasion.

It happened this way: Mme. Martha Brandes, former Secretary of the Comedie Francaise, lost a package containing pearls worth 200,000 francs she was taking to a jeweler's to have strung. She notified the police. That afternoon Mme. Maudit, on her way from the baker's with bread for the dinner of his Excellency, Quinones de Leon, found the pearls and took them to the nearest police station. They were recognized, and the finder was taken to the home of Mme. Brandes.

Mme. Brandes thanked the woman warmly and gave her 500 francs. Asked if she could do anything else for the Ambassador's servant, she received the reply that the finder of her pearls had dreamed for some years of going to the Comedie Francaise, but had never been able to do so. She would like two tickets. She received an order for them.

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She was Fat

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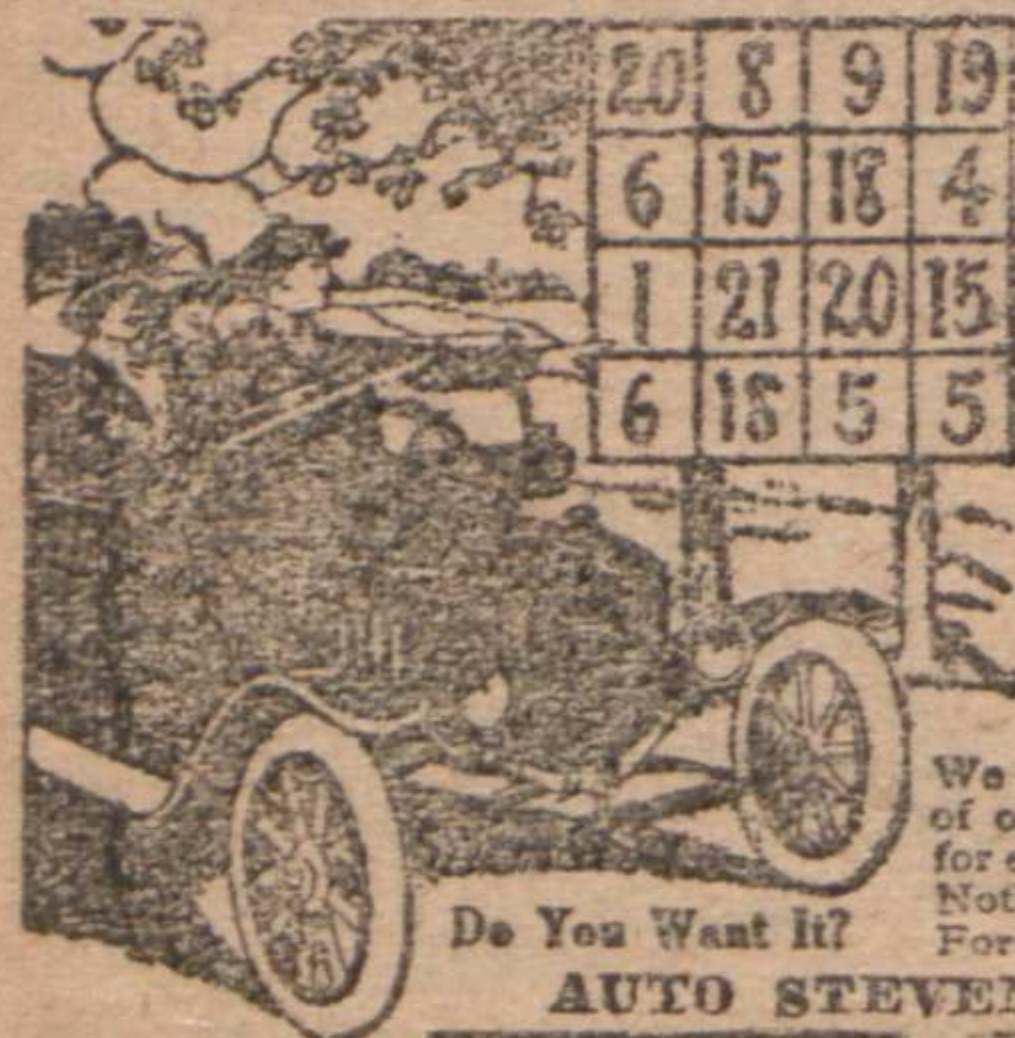
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20	8	9	19
6	15	18	4
1	21	20	15
6	18	5	5

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